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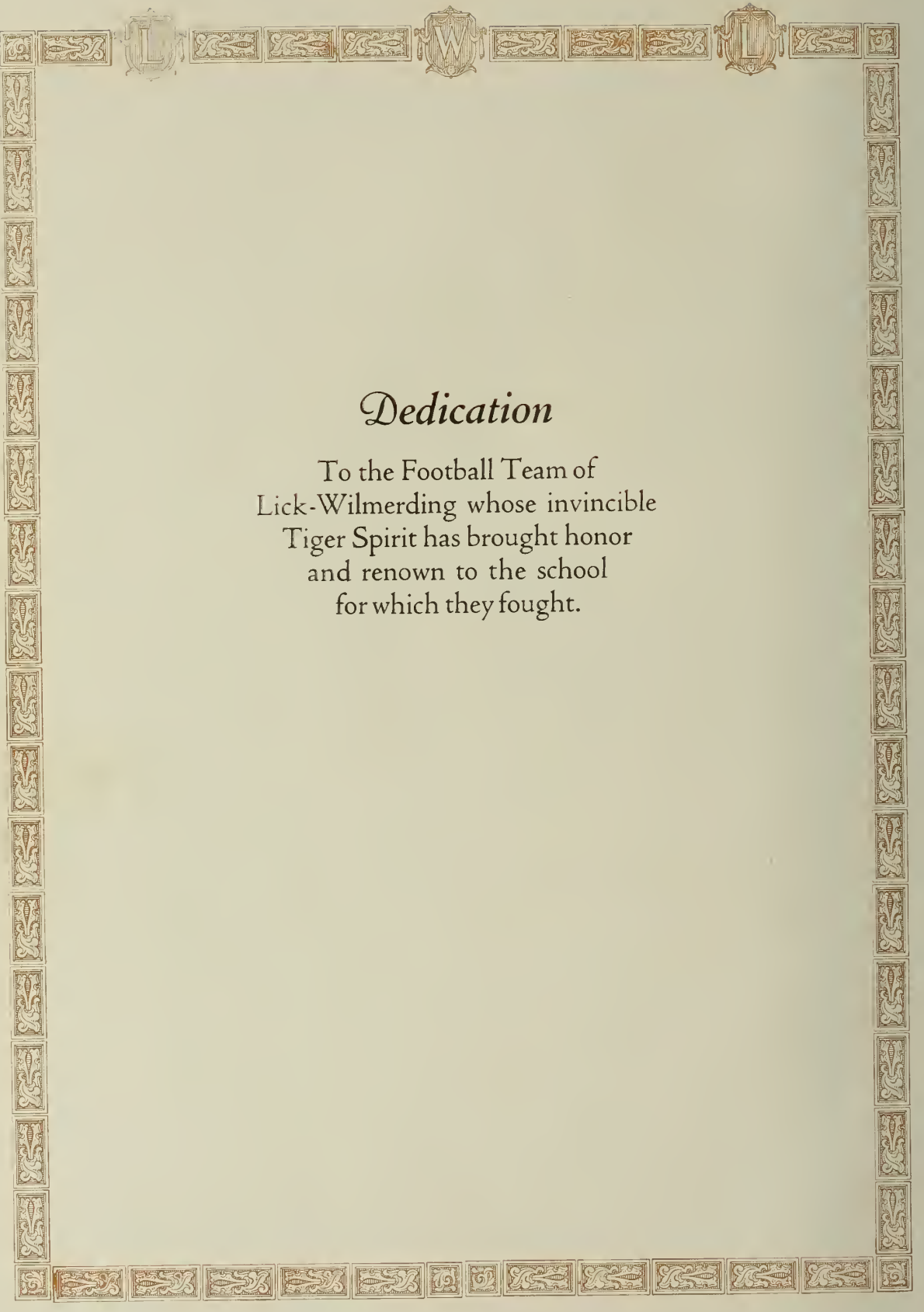
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Dedication

To the Football Team of
Lick-Wilmerding whose invincible
Tiger Spirit has brought honor
and renown to the school
for which they fought.

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Faculty

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Lick

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 Cecil Atwood Machine Shop
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William Drake
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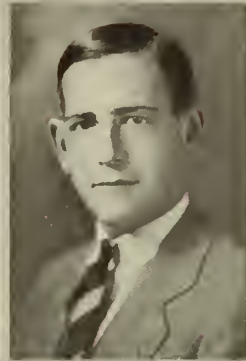
Margaret Magner
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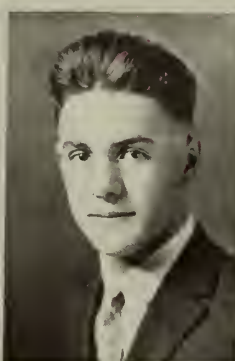
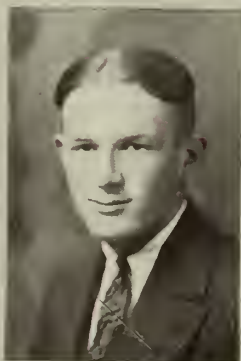
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Marian Locke

Harold Hansen

Oscar Immig

Charles Hoehn

Commencement

Long have we waited for this day of days,
But at last as Commencement draws near,
The brightness it held when viewed through the haze
Of time, seems to disappear.

We cannot imagine the parting
Of classmates who've proven so true;
And time will oft find us returning,
Old school, to rejoice and take counsel with you.

—ROSALIE MCBRIDE, 25X.

Senior Class History



OUR reign has ended! The curtain of time has closed upon us, shutting us from the limelight and making us one more class to be added as a memory upon the record books of our beloved school. It is indeed with sorrow that we leave our place to be filled by the class of June 1926. How quickly the last four years have gone by! Would that it were our good fortune to spend those days once more in reality rather than in memories!

On a dreary morning in January 1922, we timid Freshmen trudged through beating rain to answer the first roll call of our names at Lick-Wilmerding-Lux. Our spirits were like the weather—cold, damp, and bleak. But for long? No! After a few hours had passed, we were so completely assimilated into an eager student body that we soon forgot our frights and fears.

In looking back over the four years of our high school career, we note with pride how each term has brought fresh glory to our class. During our first term, Olive Barnum of 22J, led the girls, while Edwin Smith of 22X, assisted the boys. We were also given a wonderful send-off in the form of a picnic by 23X. It was then time for the class to stand on its own feet. Silverberg and Myrtle Cavanaugh were the lucky individuals chosen to lead us in our high Freshman year. We started our "Soph" year under the able leadership of President Barthold at Lux, and Ward Junker at Lick. Fred Meyer and Olga Krieg supplied the executive ability for the remainder of the year.

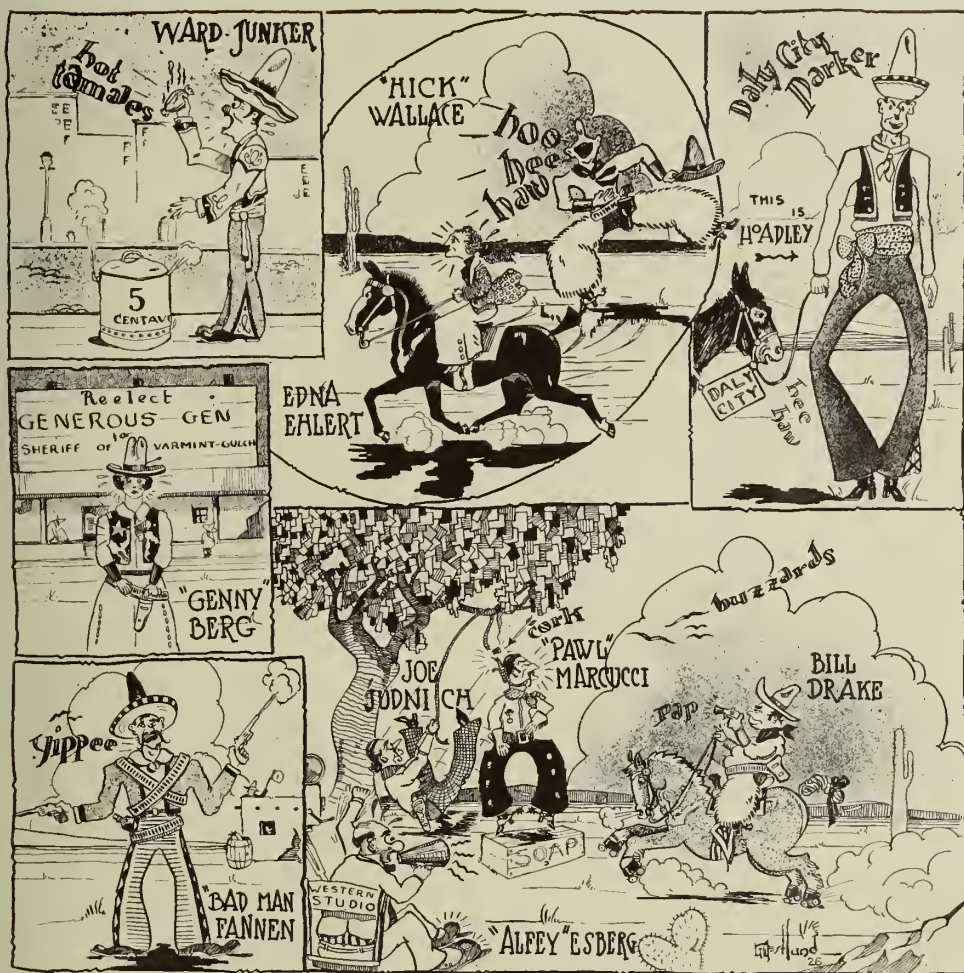
We had then reached our Junior year and had graduated from the "lower classmen" stage. Genevieve Berg and Melsaac guided the destinies of our class for the first half of our Junior year. Too much credit cannot be given them for the efficient way in which they handled the revived Junior-Freshman picnic. Drake and Rosalie McBride handled our business for the rest of the year. In our first semester as Seniors, Bernice Salter and Mitchell led the class. They brought us to the front by putting on several clever stunts at the rallies. The last semester found Marian Locke and Marcucci as presidents. Due to their conscientious efforts our parting event, the Senior Informal, was a great success.

We must now bid farewell to Lick-Wilmerding and Lux. Much as we would like to remain, each one of us is eager to start his or her journey into broader fields. As we have contributed our share to the betterment of this school, we hope to play a part in bettering our community.



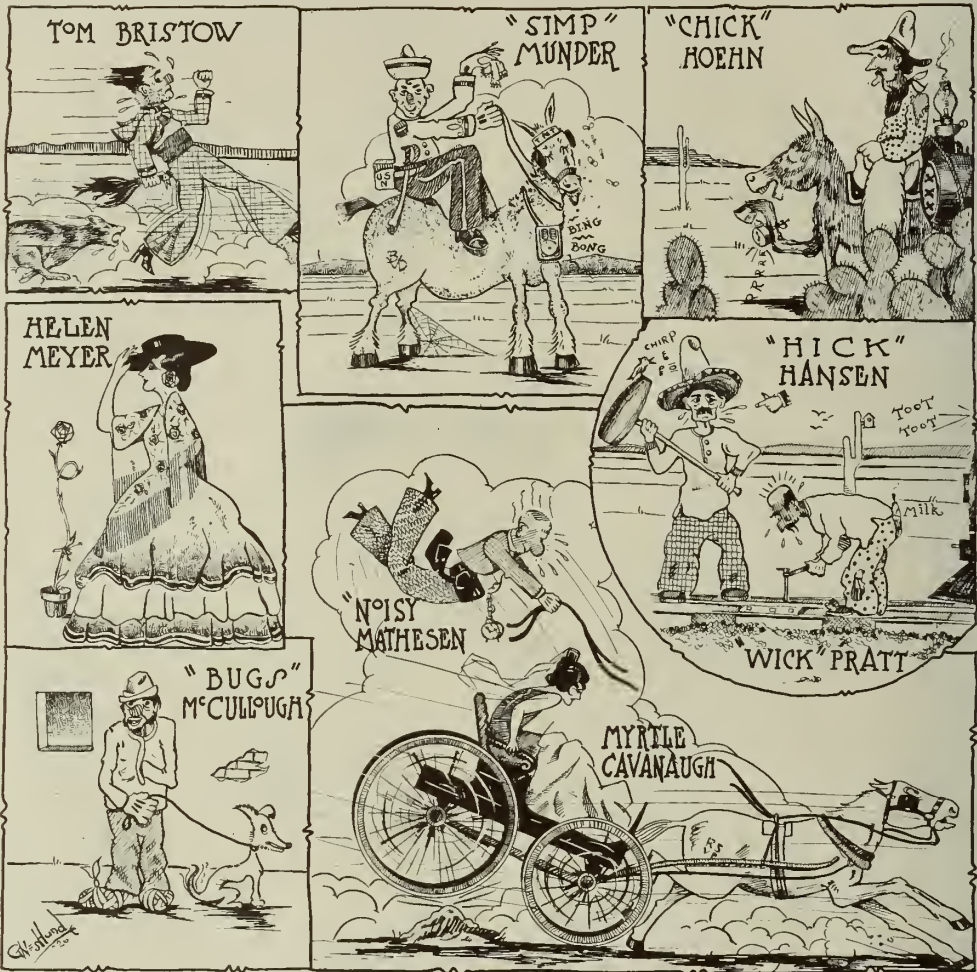
Among Us Seniors In 1930

Now here's Rudy buying old hats, all dressed up in oversize spats:
 While Cowboy Mitchel on his motor bike, sure has made a strike.
 Now Egan is traveling for Art, ten miles back he pawned his cart.
 Hink has always ridden mules, but after this he wants no stools.
 Yet Mac still works his old handbox—music that stifles an ox.
 Charley's movements are light and airy, just like a little fairy:
 Helen seems to think it's grand to hold his dainty little hand.
 Mope is singing a little song and his voice sure looks strong.
 Here sits Wop, his foot on the throttle, in his pocket a bottle.
 On account of his generous heart, Wop lets Inch on his cart.
 Now Sunny and Maggy surely do toil, yet the pot seems to boil.
 They are wrapping tamales for Ward to sell in the street.



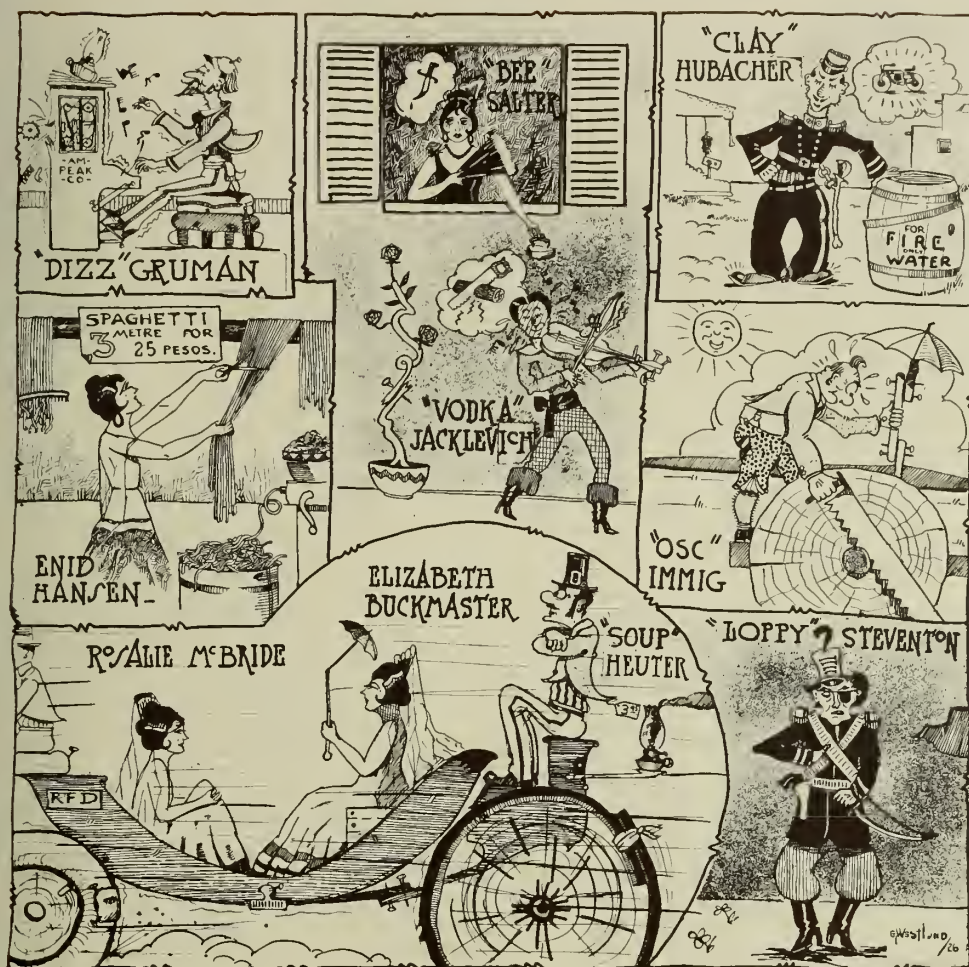
Among Us Seniors In 1930

Here we see Ward, our business man, selling tamales from a can.
 No fatalities were recorded at Lick, now all his patrons get sick.
 While Hick in chaps and sombrero wide, does poor Edna chide;
 And Parker stands alone with legs like a chicken's wish-bone.
 Next Gen with a sheriff's star is awaiting trouble at the bar.
 Now since women rule the border, you can guess why all is order.
 Now Fannen in the corner is about to give work to the coroner.
 Next a movie directed by Al, showing the rescue of Mac by a pal.
 In it, Joe is the hangman's son, stringing up an innocent one,
 While Bill skates upon his steed to save the one in need.
 These boys used to pose, and now they are all in shows.
 This poetry adds a little zest to the characters at their best.



Among Us Seniors In 1930

There's Tom running like the dickens; he's still chasing the chickens.
 Munder was always lazy and now he's gone and joined the Navy;
 But our Chick as you see is no bum; he is now running run.
 The world has treated him well, yet he'll probably die in a cell.
 Now it sure makes you groan to see Helen pose alone;
 Yet what you will never see, is this lady on any man's knee.
 We see that Hansen and Pratt still follow the track.
 Now boys, just watch the hammer lean on poor Wick's bean.
 Our Bugs has traveled of late; he's wanted in every State.
 Louis and Myrtle cannot hide, yet they are not on one side.
 The horse, tho' not up to date, sure can go a furious gait;
 But when the wheel bumps a rock, the occupants' heads must knock.



Among Us Seniors In 1930

Here's Dizz strummin' away, like Johnny Tneker his eats are his pay.
 Bee is almost cryin', in one minnte she'll drop that iron.
 She is doing her best to press her brand new party dress;
 While poor Vodka, without pay, does for Bee music play.
 Look at Clait so strong: would that some maid should happen along.
 But it makes one fret to see Enid cut spagget.
 Oscar, as we see, still fixes broken machinery—maybe.
 Down the street come Rosy and Lizz, going just like a whizz.
 When you see their faces, you are reminded of two Graces.
 Heuter with his stove-pipe hat couldn't get a tumble from a cat.
 All these characters in gay attire, are not merely made in satire,
 But are created to portray the happenings of some future day.



Lick Editorial



HIS book is the offering of the Life Staff to the Student Body of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux—may it please the multitude! The editors of the journal have done their utmost to create a presentable book. Each problem as it presented itself was given due consideration and thought, and nothing was eliminated or added just because it did or did not occupy a place in the journals of previous years.

At all times the work has been arranged with a definite goal in mind—unity. We have profited, we hope, by past experiences. We have had ideas that perhaps future editors will see fit to alter—well and good. It is this constant infusion of new life, in the form of new ideas, that will give the book individuality.

Too much credit cannot be given to the members of the Staff and the Student Body as a whole for their support. It would have been utterly impossible for the editors to put out the journal

without the whole-hearted support of the Student Body. It has been a joy for the editors to do their share of the work, for they have had the unlimited support of numerous contributors.

The advice of the Faculty has also been of inestimable value. Through their untiring efforts, much help has been given to the editors in the preparing of material and the solving of many important problems. They have given freely of their time and advice and have done numerous favors for members of the Staff.

The editors want to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of the valuable assistance of Mr. Pohlman of the Sierra Art and Engraving Company, Mr. LaFayette of LaFayette Studio, and Mr. Dreyfuss of the Dreyfuss Press.

Lux Editorial

GAIN the journal comes before you, as students of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux, to receive criticism or praise. How do you like it? Does it impress you as something worth while, something singularly beautiful? Of course, this publication cannot mean to you what it has meant to the editors, who have watched it materialize from a misty dream into a real "Life", but you can at least find on its pages a glimpse of the spirit put into it by the Staff and our helpful advisors, the Faculty.

Early in the term the editors issued a "Call to Life." The call was sounded but once and a wealth of material was poured forth for our consideration. The Student Body had felt our need and had responded with its best efforts. Space was limited. It was necessary to select those contributions most representative of the school's aims. In choosing, we editors had to eliminate the work of many, but we appreciate the desire that prompted them to try; we feel deeply the co-operation that was shown us; we firmly believe that the Student Body will support future editors and their staffs as it has supported us. To those whose entries were accepted we say "Thank you", and we hope that their future literary and artistic ambitions will be realized. Thanks are also due to the typists for their assistance in preparing the material for the press.

As the Lick Editor has said, the goal this year was unity. We feel that we have attained unity in more than one way. The boys and girls on the staff set aside prejudices to make this journal a Jubilee issue; that is, to carry out the Spanish atmosphere in the art work. Just as the Staff worked in unison for the originality of the issue, so the Staff and Faculty worked in unison for the perfection of the journal.



Life Staff

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ROSALIE MCBRIDE

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HELEN MEYER

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FRANCES NEWMAN

BEATRICE TROBOCK

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J. FANNEN

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FLORENCE FANNEN
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C. MITCHEL
W. JUNKER

SCHOOL NOTES

ELIZABETH BUCKMASTER
L. LAUSTEN
H. GILMORE

CLASS NOTES

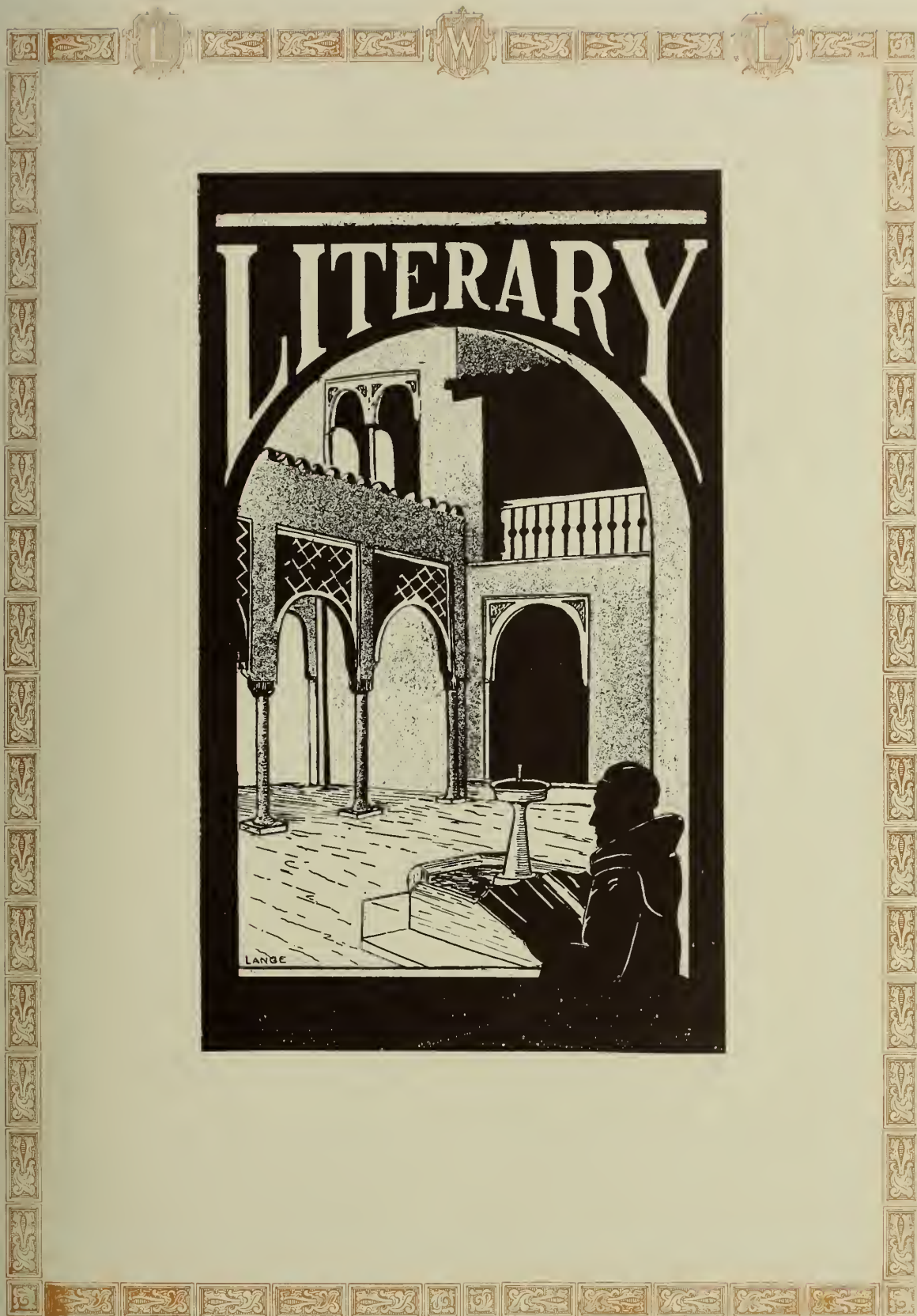
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L. MATHIESEN

LITERARY

HELEN REID
S. INCH

JOKES

BEATRICE TROBOCK
J. GRUMAN
C. KANE



Jimmy's Return



LOWLY, slowly dropped the flaming sun. Longer grew the shadows in the little valley, and blacker fell the pall upon the hearts of the watchers. Clustered around the bed of their beloved Father John, knelt the people of Mountain Meadows, watching through the open door the sun's descent. Clear in every mind rang the words of the village doctor, "His life will go out with the setting sun."

"Into Thy hands, oh Lord."

"Oh God, why doesn't someone come!" Nearer, nearer to the horizon sank the ball of gold, and lower ebbd the tide of life in the feeble form upon the bed.

"If only Jimmy would return," someone whispered hoarsely, "he vowed he would come when the Father needed him."

"No chance now," said another, "the bulletin from KPO reports the snowslide impassable." A deep sigh went up from all. Then the room became silent, save for the gentle clicking of the ivory beads and the softly murmured prayers from many lips.

* * * *

"Aw, come on, dad, let's have some 'jazz'. I don't see what kick you get out of listening to that old code business. It's just a lot of noise. Sounds like ma beating up a cake—only not so promising."

"All right, son, after six-thirty you can have all the jazz you like, but this is DX period and there's nothing on but code, you know." This was from the famous pioneer in his line, James H. Madison, flying surgeon—the man whose praises were being sung in all the medical journals of the day and who was feared, though loved, by his patients. What if they could see him now, being ordered about by a little lad of scarcely thirteen summers.

Dr. Madison turned back to the radio. Suddenly he sat erect, and reaching for his pad, began to take notes.

A moment later he arose hastily and ran to his room, calling loudly to his wife. When she arrived she found him strapping his medical kit. "Call up the field, dear, and have Joe warm up the plane," he requested. Being a doctor's wife, and used to emergencies, she did as she was told. As she helped her husband into his aviator's suit, he said, "Just got a message through from that little station KWP, Mountain Meadows, babe. Remember Father John, the old priest who nursed me through the mountain fever fifteen years ago? Well, you know I vowed to come to him in his time of

need. That time has come. He is dying for want of surgical skill. Alpine Pass is blocked by a snowslide and they are broadcasting for help. I think I can make it by sundown. Goodbye."

* * * *

The west was now a blazing glory, lit by the rays of the dying sun. Dusk had already fallen in the room where death lingered. The sun trembled for a moment upon the horizon. Suddenly, straight from the heart of the sun came a winged bird. Out of the west it came, nearer and nearer. From the watchers came a cry of wonder now mingled with hope, as it became evident that this bird of the air was controlled by a man. Larger, closer, then like a feather in the breeze, the airplane dropped to the breast of mother earth.

Down on their knees fell the villagers, and up to God rose their thanksgiving as Dr. Madison, their "Jimmy", stepped out of his plane.

Two hours later the beloved Father opened his eyes and smiled. "Jimmy," he said, "I knew you would come."

Since that glorious day, whenever that invention of man, the aeroplane, soars majestically over the Sierras, whenever the mountain echoes ring to the great song of triumph, the people of Mountain Meadows stand with heads bared to heaven, and Father John leads a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the miracle wrought that winter day.

—ELOISE BREESE, 28J.

The Sky-Rider

I'll gallop away with the winds
And up the mountain high;
A fine black steed is all I need,
Under a deep blue sky.

We'll gallop over the mountain pass,
We'll gallop away in delight,
We'll whirl thru the trees, with the wonderful breeze,
So free is this lofty height.

My charger and I
O'er the mountain tops fly,
We pass forests by with our spirits on high,
On forever and ever and never say die.

—JULA SAMUELY, 27J.

The Old Salt



FOR hours I had walked the lonely beaches bordering the south side of the Golden Gate Channel. The grey-white mist, which we call fog, billowed over the high cliffs above me. The waves reverberated against the cliffs as they pounded unceasingly against the rocks at the base. My steps led me to old Fort Point. The red brick building rose like a spectre out of the fog. Every brick in the building, I reflected, had come around the Horn in the olden days when only the great sailing vessels were known. Its fog-horn boomed dismally its timely warning to the alert mariner. Doleful as it was, I was entranced. An irresistible urge rose within me to follow the sea. The blood of my seafaring ancestors tingled in my veins.

On the other end of the brick wall on which I stood, a man sat, his shoulders hunched over in a most surprising attitude. His short beard, grizzled face and knotted hands proclaimed him a man who had led a toil-filled life. He abruptly rose from his meditations, eyed me coolly, and voiced a cheery "Hello mate!" I was taken by surprise and murmured a faint "Good morning". As I marveled at his features, I reflected, "You are a mariner." I immediately recollected the "Ancient Mariner" and his rhyme of the deep. Amid the pounding of the breakers on the wall, I conversed with him, and was impressed at his vast knowledge of men and life. I related to him my desire for the sea. He remonstrated with me and gave me warning. "Son," he meditated, "I've sailed the seven seas in almost every kind of sailing vessel afloat for nigh on fifty-three years. The sea has a yearning, a call for him who has it in his veins. It is full of dangers and only the strongest survive."

The cold, damp fog ebbed around me and sent a chill into my blood. The red brick of the old Fort was damp from the fog and water seeped from it. I begged the mariner for a tale of the sea. He mused. "All right, son," he started, "and may it turn your yearning in another direction. This story I will tell is so oddly different from our present surroundings that you may not be able to think of the suffering and hardship we endured. I was mate on the old barkentine 'City of Belfast,' as stout a boat as ever sailed. We were ten days this side of Papeete when a dead calm overtook us. The blazing sun overhead had no mercy on us. The oakum that calked the ship's timbers oozed out and blackened the boat. The heat was unbearable, and the crew died, one by one, from the dreaded starvation disease, scurvy. I and three others escaped,

weak from our gruesome experience, and with a slight breeze to favor us, we docked at Papeete exhausted and worn for want of food and sleep. We could not hire another crew, and the 'City of Belfast' lay at Papeete for many months. The sailors dubbed her the 'Hoodoo Ship' and today she lies rotted and broken, a glory of the past, on the sands of an isolated stretch of coast in Tahiti. So this is my story. I have drifted about this world, aimlessly, for the better part of my life. Like the 'City of Belfast' I have been a hoodoo. Bad luck traveled with me wherever I went. And now I am broken and cast on the shore to spend the last days of my life in peace like the 'City of Belfast' on the coast of Tahiti. She has already taken her last trip as I soon will take mine."

His story ended, I again felt the fog on my flushed face, heard the booming of the surf and the roar of the fog-horn. I arose, patted him on the back, cheerily said "Thank you", and ended with "Goodbye" which I believe he hardly heard.

As I walked off and looked back to see him still in the same musing position in which I found him, I recalled these lines from the "Ancient Mariner":

*"I pass, like nught, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach."*

—WALTER E. ANDERSON, 26X.

I Wonder Why

I wonder why these little lines
Run forth from my pencil.
I wonder why the earth goes 'round,
I wonder at a thrill.
I wonder why things are so sad
And why things are so funny.
I wonder why a flower grows
And why the bees make honey.
I wonder why things puzzle me;
Why things are high and low.
I wonder why the time runs fast
And why the cars run slow.
I wonder why we eat and sleep,
And if this verse will rhyme.
But most of all I wonder—
Why I wonder all the time.

—JULA SAMUELY, 27J.

The Treasure of the Wilds



THE long evening was lengthening into clear dark. On the porch of the big old house the coffee was passing and, one by one, cigars or pipes flamed up. Story passed into story, introduced by a casual "That reminds me of——". The subject turned to the Alaskan gold rush. "A wonderful and terrible thing!" said one of the older men. "I was there in '93. Do you remember, on the Solomon River—— or were you there, sir?"

He was speaking to the host. "No," was the answer, "but I knew a man—— He *was* a man! Six feet seven, and weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, yet every ounce of it was bone and muscle. His strength was miraculous. Carroll, his name was. I knew him well."

He struck a match and leaned forward with cupped hands to hold it to his pipe.

"He was caught by the gold-rush," the host resumed. "He was only about twenty-three, and just at the beginning of life. There was nothing to hold him. He started north with three friends, but one of them died, one fell in love, and the other got cold feet, so he went on alone. As that wasn't a very good country for a tender-foot alone, he looked around till he found three men in the same situation as himself.

"They started into the interior in June. They did pretty well, but nothing remarkable turned up, and it was winter before they knew it. They had reached a barren country where there was little meat, and they had provisions for about three weeks only——barely enough time to get back to the towns. But one man——and he the only experienced one among them——was sick with scurvy, and too weak to do anything.

" 'Come on, let's leave him,' said the two others.

"Carroll stood up to his full height. 'No, you don't!' he said. 'I'll take him on my back and carry him out if you'll take the supplies.'

" 'And suppose we won't?' asked one of them.

" 'Then,' he answered, 'you'll fight me'."

He paused and looked around the circle, smiling faintly.

"Well, they didn't feel like tackling that proposition, so the next morning the four of them set out. Carroll carried the sick man across his back in a sort of Indian-cradle affair they'd rigged up out of blankets. That day they made twenty miles. That wasn't enough to satisfy the two rebellious ones, and when Carroll woke

up the next morning, they were gone. They'd left half the provisions.

"He picked up the sick man and carried him ten miles, then laid him down and built a fire. He left him there and turned back to their camp for the provisions. So, for every thirty miles that he traveled, they advanced ten.

"I learned this much later. Carroll himself never liked to speak of it. It wasn't a pleasant memory. Fifteen days later they entered Nome. Carroll hadn't eaten for nearly two days—saved the food for the sick man. He was weak, but his weakness was equal to the strength of other men. At once he arranged for the care of his friend.

"‘We thought you were dead,’ said the doctor. ‘Your partners are in town, and they said you went crazy or something.’

"Carroll found his ex-partners in the bar. As he advanced, the conversation died out on all sides. The two men turned their heads and saw him.

"He went berserk in that instant. He seized both men by the shoulders, lifted them clear of the ground—figure what a feat that was, especially in a man who hadn't eaten for two days!—and deliberately knocked their heads together—once, twice."

"‘A-ah!’ said a voice out of the dimness. ‘Served them right.’

"That was the general opinion. One of them died, but at the meeting of the Miners' Council which was called, he was acquitted as soon as he told his story. Not only that, but his money was useless till he left the town—not a storekeeper would let him use it! But he had had enough of Alaska—he said it hoodooed him—so he went south to Portland and entered the lumber business.

"‘What a story!’ said someone.

"‘Tisn't finished yet; wait a bit. The sick man recovered. Notwithstanding his terrible experience, he went back, for he was a born and bred miner. In three months he returned, bringing with him a bulging bag of gold-dust.

"‘Somewhere back in the hills he had found a rich placer mine. An ignorant man, he had a natural distrust of laws and lawyers. He was getting old, though, so the next fall he went down to Portland. He went into a bank there and said, ‘Look here, I have a rich mine up in Alaska. If I don't come back some winter, I want it to go to Mr. Carroll of this city.’ He handed over a packet containing, among other things, a map and a will leaving everything he had to the man who had saved his life.

"Two years passed. The old miner went into the mountains each year to his claim and came back to Portland each fall. Then, when he was coming back one October, he fell off a Columbia River

steamer, was sucked under, and drowned. Anti-climax, eh? Perhaps it was the nearest he could get to dying in bed.

"He wasn't a very important person, and it was about five years before the bank remembered the packet and sent it to Carroll, who by that time was a prominent citizen. He was still young, though.

"When he read about it, at first he couldn't believe his eyes. Still he welcomed this chance of going on a vacation, especially when it bade fair to lead to the end of the rainbow. He and I were good friends, so I and a young engineer I'd sort of taken under my wing, went along.

"We followed instructions very carefully. A hundred miles from the mouth of the Solomon River—I know that much about it, you see, sir—to a little cove; west two hundred paces exactly; strike into the heavy timber at right angles and follow the blazed trail for ten miles.

"The blazes had grown over a good bit, but they were still quite plain. It was easy going. We went on about a mile.

"Then we came into a stretch which had been burned over by a forest fire as far as the eye could see."

There was silence for a few seconds, then first one and then another startled "Oh!" as the full import of the sentence struck home. He smiled sadly and continued.

"There we were, not nine miles from riches, but nine miles in which direction? There was a perfect network of streams around and even if we continued and found one, how could we be sure it was the right one? Five years would have completely obliterated all signs of the old man's work.

"Well," said Carroll, "let's make the best of it. I move we explore."

"We did.

"The mine was hidden forever, but there in that Alaskan desolation we found—and remember we had an engineer with us to verify it——"

He paused dramatically.

"There was a mountain of iron ore so pure that it was almost virgin. Half a mile from it was a bed of limestone, and between the two was a vein of anthracite coal."

"In God's name, why didn't you stake it out, or file on it, or something?" cried a man.

"We did," said the host gravely. "We did. It is there yet. But what good was it—or is it—to us? There is no transportation for a hundred miles. That river is not navigable."

"Even so——"

The host rose. "Let us go in to the ladies," he said courteously.

—WENDELA HAWKINS, 28X.

The Charm of the Wild

Straight as an Indian warrior
Neath a deep blue sky,
Stands the stately forest,
The stream a-rushing by,
The fragrant odor of pine trees,
The trail o'erspread with brush,
The chirping of birds and of chipmunks,
And again a deep thrilling hush.
The trees and the birds are not lonely,
Though many a human may be.
The river whispers to flowers,
The sparrow chirps to a tree,
The leaves turn golden and russet
And flutter then to the ground.
The sun sparkles bright on the waters,
With happiness all around ;
It sets the mountains on fire,
And burns them with a glow ;
It tries to cling to the mountains,
But slowly sinks below.
And when it fades from your vision
And the forest is dark and deep,
A feeling comes upon you
And it makes your heart just leap ;
It's not a feeling of sadness,
It's not all happiness ;
It's not a lonesome feeling,
It's a feeling you can't express ;
There's no earthly way to explain it,
Its depth no words can describe ;
Some people never get it,
Others have never tried.
But when you are lucky and feel it,
It comes but seldom e'en then
It only comes with the darkness.
The forests, its cozy den,
If I should attempt to tell you,
You'd never be able to see,
For it's just a feeling of mountains,
Neath their starlit canopy.

—JULA SAMUELY, 27J.

His Last Trick

"SPIKE" glanced furtively over his shoulder as he glided silently along the shadowed walks of San Francisco's quaint old Chinatown. "Spike" was on a dangerous mission—he realized it, and therefore his every movement was guarded and restrained. "Spike" was not a large man; on the contrary, he was exceedingly small and wiry. He had a sallow complexion and large, protruding eyes which set off his small, pointed nose in a remarkable way. He was dressed in a sporty fashion with a striped suit and vari-colored necktie that was tied in an original manner.

In the haunts of San Francisco's underworld, "Spike" Tracy was a well known figure. He had a record; it was only a year ago that he had been arrested in connection with the great Morgan bond mystery—the strange disappearance of some priceless bonds which had never been accounted for. The police, much against their will, were forced to release him because of lack of substantial evidence. He had led a checkered career since then, always managing to cover his tracks from the police.

This was to be his final deal. If successful, it meant thousands of dollars and a life of ease; if not—well—"Spike" wouldn't think of that. Already he was planning a campaign for spending the money which he would receive on this deal. In his hand "Spike" carried a small, black grip, which he had acquired by means of his own. Carrying hundreds of Union Stock bonds, he was now carefully making his way to his rooms, situated in one of the dark alleys of Chinatown. Upon reaching his rooms, he raised the window blinds a trifle and turned to gloat over his prize, the black grip.

No, he must first have a drink in honor of this, his greatest victory. As he sat sipping his liquor, he mused over his past life—how, when a boy yet in his teens, he had escaped from a home and from then on had made his way by his own shrewdness and ability. He had laid his plans with the utmost caution for this piece of work, and was gratified by the thought that there were no clues leading to him. No one had seen him at the office; there was no thread which could be traced to him. No, absolutely none.

One more drink and he was ready to open the grip. A loud oath escaped him as he drew a handful of worthless papers from the grip. Something was wrong, somebody was on to his game—who? As the thought of his defeat penetrated deeper, a deathly pallor spread over his face. Thoughts whirled through his brain with

lightning rapidity; he would recover the bonds; he would kill the guilty one; he would—steadily ascending feet on the long wooden stairway arrested his flying thoughts.

Nearer and nearer they came, spelling the downfall of “Spike.” Something must be done. With a shrill laugh and a wide grin on his plastic features, “Spike” flew to the window casement, opened the window, took one last look at the dingy door, and jumped. Seconds later the door was burst open and two burly men entered the room. Rushing to the open window, one glance to the street below was sufficient; already a crowd was gathering around the gruesome sight. “Spike” had played his last trick.

—ELMO COPE, 27J.

Life

Oh, Life is just the same old story

Told over and over again;

There's love and care, there's strife and glory,

With regrets for what might have been.

You're not alone in a strange, lost world,

'Cause you've lost your balance and can't go on:

Just think of those whose banners are furled,

They've played the game and lost, not won.

And if in life you've hit the mark,

Then you should be humble, and not proud,

For God has fired you with the spark

That lifts you up from the rest of the crowd.

And you to whom He seems less kind:

Go on! and try till your last breath's drawn;

And then when the end comes you will find

You've worked thru the night, and are ready for dawn.

—VERA HOCKETT, 26X.

Moonlit Dreams

The moon has veiled her shining face

With mystic clouds of silver lace,

And romance strolls the lanes tonight,

Recalling dreams of love's delight.

—ESTELLE BARBIERI, 27X.

What a Street Lamp Thought About Saturday Night, September 12, 1925



AM nothing but a common street lamp, with the help of scores of brothers, illuminating Market Street. I am usually dressed in a somber green, but for one week I have been gaily dressed in Jubilee colors. Tomorrow, the close of the week, I will have to shed these gay colors and don the somber green to which I am accustomed. Ever since five o'clock people have been congregating at my feet. Six o'clock is reached: more and more people flood the streets; seven o'clock: it grows darker. Ah! Suddenly my lights are flashed on and I join in the gay scene around me. Eight o'clock: Ouch! that hurt my ears. The sirens are blowing. The parade is started. Boys eagerly climb upon me trying to see over the heads of the taller people.

Here comes the mayor riding down the street, bowing right and left to the cheering, clapping throng. Here come floats, bands, and marching men and women. I wish the floats weren't so bright, for they seem to dim even my brilliant coloring. A flash across the sky attracts my attention and, lifting my head, I see an aeroplane, lit in Jubilee colors, flying across the sky. It suddenly disappears into the fog. More floats and more people. More excitement: an ambulance is rushing down the street; I guess some one has been hurt. What's that blowing in my face? Oh, only serpentine which the people are throwing and which the wind has blown into my face. My goodness, the parade has lasted two hours and forty-five minutes and shows no sign of finishing in a hurry! Music, marching, cheering and clapping, all mingle joyfully in the air. Ah, I can see the end of the parade, and in a few hours all the streets will be deserted and still, and perhaps then I can get a little sleep. There goes the last of the parade. It is eleven o'clock now. I hope the people will soon leave.

Twelve o'clock and the noise and bustle show no sign of letting up. I feel that a little sleep would do me good after one week of excitement, but I guess I will have to wait until morning to get any. One o'clock: the crowd is getting less and men are coming around in wagons and are beginning to pick up the boxes and papers left by the people. Why, here come more men to help clean up the streets. It is still too noisy to sleep. Three, four, five and six o'clock pass with men still working. It is growing gradually lighter and perhaps I can go to sleep. Yes, there my lights go out. Well, I hope everyone enjoyed the parade. Good night!

—CATHERINE ALLAN, 26J.

The Twentieth Century

The Age of Beauty and Romance



FTEN we read about the past. Nine times out of ten it is alluded to as beautiful, romantic and picturesque. Let us recall that Scott, himself, thought that the time of "Quentin Durward" was the most picturesque of all times. But was not that same period equally unjust and cruel? Was not the whole system of government a gigantic nest of intrigue and deceit? Then, one may say it was picturesque from the standpoint of costumes. We immediately think of shining armor, engraved and emblazoned with coats of arms, of flowing laces and of doublet and hose. But who wore these costly outfits? Only the chosen few, the nobility, those who, by unjust confiscations and taxes, made life miserable and dreary for the poor. We may then think of massive castles towering to the skies, with spires and embattlements, surrounded by parapet and moat. Picturesque? Very. But again, who was it that lived there? We still find it was only the chosen few.

Let us then consider another of civilization's necessities—travel and transportation. Coaches, carts, horses and, of course, one's own legs were the only means. The common man was much too poor to afford a coach or a horse; he would have to walk. Besides this, the highways were infested with thieves who would commit murder for a few cents. In the towns themselves, one seldom ventured out after dark.

Now let us make a leap from then to the present time. Consider first our own wearing apparel. As a result of scientific research, we have far better textiles and richer and more beautiful dyes. And does not everybody, approximately speaking, wear somewhat the same apparel?

Our homes are far better today than ever before in history. They have been artistically arranged so that we feel at ease in them. The housewife, who at one time was reputed to be a slave, is now emancipated by countless contrivances and inventions. Homes are enlivened by modern illumination, by phonographs, by radios, all of which are common.

Travel and communication have also been rapidly advancing. What Jules Verne wrote of, and was ridiculed for, came true: we travel through the air, under the water and in horseless carriages. We need not go into detail over communications; let us merely

think of postoffices, air mails, express lines, telephones, radios, telegraphs and cables.

Taking another leap, say three hundred years from now, let us suppose our descendants are reading a novel about the present time; about a heroine with bobbed hair, knee-high dresses and boyish manners; about a hero with baggy trousers and loud ties; about their elopement in an airplane or of their marriage by radio, even though they be miles apart. Will they call it picturesque?

—GEORGE WESTLUND, 26J.

Someday

Someday I'm going to travel,
Over the wide universe.
I'm going to see all there is to see,
On this great big old earth.

I want to go to Egypt,
And then to gay Paree,
And maybe in bally England
There'll be some sights to see.

I'll probably go to Switzerland,
Where they make the cheese,
And I'll surely not miss Africa,
With all its chimpanzees.

So you see I want to travel
And see all there is to see,
But right here's the place to tell you,
America's good enough for me.

—CAROL BERG, 27X.

ACTIVITIES





Vice-President
Treasurer



President
Yell-Leaders



Secretary
Historian



Lick President's Message



ANOTHER term has been successfully completed and the "spirit" and "pep" distributed throughout the term has proven that the good old "Lick-Wilmerding Fighting Spirit" is still with us. At the first rally of the semester the Freshmen were formally welcomed into the school. From then on they rapidly got acquainted with our school life, and in a very short time they were participating in all our activities.

At this time I want to express my grateful appreciation to every member of the Student Body and the members of the Faculty for the efforts they have expended to make my term a noteworthy one. I also want to thank the following Student Body officers for their earnest co-operation: Gilmore, Vice-President; Kuykendall, Secretary; Mr. Britton, Treasurer; Westlund and Hinkle, Yell Leaders, and Steventon, Historian.



Board of Control

THE first meeting of the Board of Control for the Fall term was called to order on Monday, August 10th, with President Mitchel presiding. The roll call showed the following members: R. Pratt, 25X; J. Smith, 26J; A. Kuykendall, 26X; C. McKay, 27J; T. McGowan, 27X; B. Gilmore, 28J; J. McLean, 28X, and H. Gilmore, 29J. At this meeting J. Smith was elected Basketball Manager. There was also some discussion about giving the fellows, that played on the championship team last Spring, gold baseballs. Nothing much was done about this, for there was little money in the treasury and the various budgets had yet to be passed.

At the second meeting, held August 24th, the budgets submitted by the school organizations and teams were discussed and passed.

The Board wishes to thank the Faculty for the advice and co-operation given them during the term.



CLASS
EXECUTIVES



Paul Marcucci, 25X
Harry Nichols, 27J
Basil Grillo, 28J

Sherrill Houghton, 26J
Gene Mires, 28X

Edward Reilly, 26X
George Hurley, 27X
Vincent Mires, 29J

Class Notes



THE class of 26J has enjoyed a most successful term under the able leadership of President Houghton. Other officers are Vice-President Ayers, Secretary Galli, Treasurer Ivani, Board of Control member Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms Nelsen, and Yell Leader Gilmore. This class was the pioneer in publishing the "Tiger's Tale".

Reilly, President of 26X, with the able assistance of Vice-President Schmidt, has put over several big events during the year. Other officers are: Anderson, Secretary; Steel, Treasurer; Hurley, Board of Control member; Dubkoff, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Lang, Yell Leader.

During the past term Harry Nichols has ably guided the destinies of 27J. The management of the customary Junior-Freshman picnic was intrusted to the class. The other class officers are as follows: Shapro, Secretary; Fedeli, Sergeant-at-Arms; McKay, Board of Control member, and Peterson, Treasurer.

Under the leadership of President Hurley, 27X has shown its first inclination toward social activities. A class luncheon was held at Lux and the affair was satisfactory from every standpoint. The President has been ably assisted by a worthy group of associates: Wetzel, Vice-President; McGowan, Board of Control member; Eldrup, Sergeant-at-Arms; Axelton, Yell Leader; Mathewson, Treasurer, and Serkland, Secretary.

The class of 28J has passed a very successful semester due to the able leadership of President Grillo. The other class officials are: Nichols, Vice-President; Coburn, Secretary; Kelly, Treasurer; Hynding, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Brown, Yell Leader. The class has been well represented in the various school activities and athletics have recruited many members of the class.

The 28X class at Lick has successfully passed its second term under the guidance of Mires, President; Seitz, Vice-President; Mollison, Secretary; Wise, Treasurer; Douglas, Sergeant-at-Arms; McLean, Board of Control member, and Ashbaugh, Yell Leader. Mires and Ashbaugh received class numerals.

The first meeting of 29J was held early in the term with Senior Advisor Vincent Mires presiding. A class constitution was adopted and nomination of officers was held. The following officers were elected at the next meeting: Gilmore, Vice-President; Irvine, Secretary; Boverman, Treasurer; Attinger, Yell Leader, and Sonn , Sergeant-at-Arms.



Lick-Wilmerding Cafeteria

THE famous cry, "There goes the bell"—then comes the mad rush of the starving waifs of our well-known Student Body, each and every one fighting, biting and clawing his way to the front. Within a few minutes the battle over the counter has ceased and all of the hungered tigers can be observed ravenously feeding their faces. Another fifteen minutes later these same fighters slowly saunter up to the candy counter, purchase some jelly beans (for class purposes), and then out on the oval for a game of football.

All of this enjoyment is made possible by those working for the interests of the Cafeteria. The appetizing foods and dainties are prepared by our cooks, Mrs. Degener and Mrs. Noel. Many thanks to them!

The management of the Cafeteria was well taken care of this term by Ward Junker, with Ralph Fifield as his assistant. The personnel of the help was as follows: Joe Smith, How Gilmore, Ose Immig, Carl Mitchel, Scotch McKay, Len Lausten, Louie Mathesen, Charlie Kane, Geo. Westlund, Jack Hursh, Ken Hinkle, Art Bahr.



Camera Club

THE semi-annual exhibit of the Lick-Wilmerding Camera Club on December 10th has shown what the members have been able to do this semester. Anderson and Lastrucci have been doing extra work for credit and at the regular weekly meetings have given demonstrations on the use of various kinds of paper and such processes as the intensification and reduction of negatives. They have been taking snapshots of the Student Body activities to illustrate the Record Book and "Life."

Much of the boys' work this semester has been devoted to the photography of such things as locomotives, tractors and steam shovels. Kruger succeeded in getting such good night pictures of the Archway and City Hall at the time of the Diamond Jubilee that he received over one hundred orders for them.

The lecture by Mr. Tibbetts on the "Chemistry of Blueprint Making" was quite interesting.

The officers who guided the Club this semester are: G. Koch, President; P. Braun, Vice-President; W. Anderson, Secretary; H. Greenhood, Treasurer, and S. Lastrucci, Librarian.

The Club wish to extend to their Advisor, Miss Boulware, sincere thanks for her helpful co-operation.



Orchestra



UNDER the able supervision of Mr. Britton the L. W. Orchestra has completed a very useful term. The members have put all their interest into the orchestra, enabling Lick-Wilmerding-Lux to have many enjoyable afternoon dances in the Free Hand Ballroom. The orchestra has also rendered several well-received selections at rallies and luncheons.

Of course, you have all heard of "Jerry"—yes, Jerome Gruman, the kitten on the keys. Then there's "Kenny", alias Kenneth Hinkle—he plays the soprano saxophone. David Dresback, better known as "Davie Red", is a big help with his new trombone. "Edmund", just plain Edmund Haynes, plays the alto saxophone along with "Brick" Cyril Patterson. The "twins", Stanley and Curtis Klopstock, are two very clever musicians. Stanley plays the violin while Curtis plays the banjo. Peter Santina, booked in the orchestra as "Pete", and "Sheik" Alfred Engel are two fine violinists. There is also "Al" Metzger, who is our prize flute player. "Swede", Tracy Norton, comes to practice three minutes late every Friday morning with his C melody saxophone. How "Springy" sprang to the end of the list no one knows, but just the same Ralph Springer plays the cornet for us.



Lick Glee Club

THE Glee Club this semester, under the able leadership of Mr. Britton, has done very nicely. The Club had considerable difficulty in getting started because there were only four members left from the preceding term. At the first meeting Gilley was elected President. Some of the fellows around school who thought they could sing had their voices tested by Mr. Britton, and the future Carusos were voted into the Club.

All of the appearances that have been made at the rallies have met with the hearty approval of the Student Body. One of our best showings was at the Night Rally, when "Croon a Little Lullaby" was sung with the accompaniment of the school orchestra. A very successful musical comedy was staged on the same evening by various members of the Lick and Lux Glee Clubs, aided by Miss Mitchell and Miss Sinclair.

The Club is composed of "Legs" Legnitto, "Red" Muller and "Gil" Gilley, first tenors; "Rudy" Schmidt, "Bull" Braun and "Gap" Galli, second tenors; "Rosy" Shoaf, "Vinney" Mires and "Pete" Frey, first basses; "Jawn" DeGolia, "Sweetheart" Westlund and "Wop" Santana, second basses.



Radio Club

THE past semester has been a very successful one for the Radio Club. A fifty-watt set is being used for continuous wave and phone work. There is going to be another set on the low wave lengths. The Club's Code Class is now under the supervision of Donovan, and the Freshmen take considerable interest in this work. The officers of the Club are: Frey, President; Donovan, Vice-President; Steventon, Secretary; Siemer, Treasurer, and Schlumpberger, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Radio Club wish to thank Mr. Gravatt, our new sponsor, for the help he has given us during the term.

Lick Forum



THE Forum is composed of captains and managers of all teams, all Student Body and class officers, and all club officers. The purpose of the Forum is to regulate Student Body activities, to stimulate an interest in public speaking, and to promote a greater knowledge of Parliamentary law. The Forum holds meetings on the second and fourth Mondays of each month. Suggestions are given by the members as to plans for rallies, dances and plays. These suggestions are also of great assistance to the President of the Student Body.

The Forum has just completed one of its most successful terms under the leadership of Miss Wood and with the assistance of Secretary Howard Gilmore. Some of the problems discussed were the planning of the rooting sections at the football games and arrangements for the Hallowe'en party held on October 30th. A balloon stunt was devised and used at the Poly game.

Historian



UNDER the instigation of the 25X Class, the custom of keeping a Record Book has been revived. The school Constitution was amended so as to include a School Historian. This officer's duties are to collect all news pertaining both to Lick and Wilmerding and to keep a file of all back copies of "Life."

The Record Book has progressed very rapidly. The school obtained a very expensive and appropriate ledger for this work. The art work is being taken care of by several of the boys in the Free-hand Department and pictures have been obtained of the various school officers and organizations. This book also contains at present articles concerning the various social and athletic events of the school. Back copies of "Life" have been collected as far back as the issue of 1904.

The Historian wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Boulware, Miss Wood, Mr. Heymann, and various class historians for the help they have rendered in making the Record Book a success.

Class-Room Notes

PHYSICS IV



UNDER the able instruction of Mr. Britton the budding Newtons of the Senior class are now learning the whys and wherefores of light and sound. In addition to the daily prescribed course, the fellows are also trying to prove ancient theories in the "lab" room. It has been positively assured by Mr. Britton that by the end of the semester he is going to publish a few of the rare theories evolved by his students.

ENGLISH

Both the low and high Senior classes are gaining knowledge rapidly under the watchful eye of Miss Boeke. In the low Senior class, "Henry Esmond" is the novel being studied, while in the high Senior class Parker's "Essentials of English Composition" is being taken for college entrance work. Both classes are getting their share of homework in preparation for their college work.

LATIN II

The Latin II course during the last term proved to be a big setback to the dopesters. The boys entered the lists strong favorites, due to their better training in the fundamentals, but the girls showed unexpected strength during the entire term. Muriel Smith, Samish, Pearl Coburn, Clarice Buhman, Galli, and Freeman were the big stars of the course.

ANALYTICAL TRIGONOMETRY

During the past semester the Seniors enjoyed their "Trig" immensely, having finished the course long before the term closed. The following laws and formulas were analyzed during the term:

1. The laws of Sines, Cosines, and Tangents.
2. The Addition and Subtraction Formula.

The class wishes to thank Mr. Gravatt for his patience and kindness and the interesting way in which he taught the subject.

CIVICS

Under the tutorship of Mrs. Woodland, the Civics class is rapidly grasping the serious atmosphere of State and National government. Having learned the main factors of our national system, they are now studying State and City government. Some of the class now think they know the difference between a policeman and a politician.

SOLID GEOMETRY

The brains of the class have worked overtime studying some of the theorems of Solid Geometry. There is one question which is asked daily—"What is it all about?" Examinations are given at regular intervals by Miss Wood to the horror of all concerned. Spheres and circles are now being conquered by the class.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

Mr. Heymann has two efficient architectural draftsmen in Wallace and Kammerer. Miss Smith is also working on plans for a bungalow. The apprentices who are working on Machine Design are Wirth, who is perfecting the details of the curtain for the Wilmerding stage, and Houghton and Kammerer, who are designing a sounding board for the piano at Lux. Drake and Hendrickson are working industriously on a design for a gas engine.

MACHINE SHOP

The machine apprentices are progressing rapidly under the direction of Mr. Atwood, who fills Mr. Sunkel's position to perfection. The apprentices are turning candlesticks on the lathe and are quickly learning the fundamentals of finished machining. The rest of the students are learning to operate the machines and do odd jobs for Mr. Atwood.

AUTO SHOP

Under the direction of Mr. Huber, Sullivan, J. Hurley, Nelsen, Silverberg and Judnich are attempting to assemble the parts of a Ford, while the Junior mechanics take apart another. Various machines have been repaired in the shop and as a result have been running in perfect order. As yet there have been no reports of missing parts in the above-mentioned jobs.

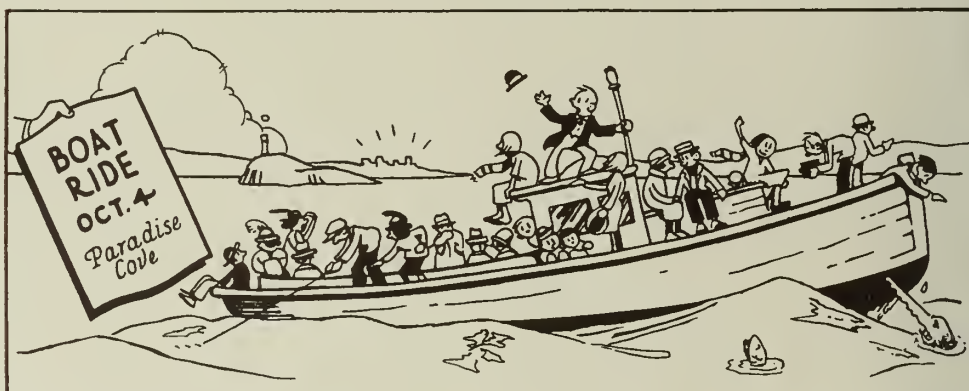
ELECTRIC SHOP

Mr. Wright, now in charge of the electric shop, is teaching his students the requirements of an electrician. Several of the Senior apprentices are assembling motors and constructing soldering irons. The Sophomore and Junior students are doing their usual exercises.

WOODWORK

Under the supervision of Mr. Holmes, Hurley, Pratt, Inch, and Derre are working on an assembly hall in the Wilmerding Building. It will probably be completed next term and will furnish a room for all social functions. The other students are making various kinds of lamps and chests.

Alumni escapades.



Brown, 18

L. W. L. Alumni



OR those of you who are being graduated, one more chapter has been added to your lives. As you leave the school to start the next important chapter, that of laying the foundation of your life work, bear in mind that you received your training at, and are a graduate of, Lick-Wilmerding or Lux. Remember that everything you do, whether it is a success or a failure, reflects upon the school from which you were graduated.

As you branch out into the business world, you will find many Lick-Wilmerding-Lux graduates who are making a great success of the various lines of work they have chosen to follow. There are engineers, architects, commercial artists, teachers, doctors—in fact, in every line of work you will find graduates of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux, and in each and every one of them you will find the traditional Lick-Wilmerding spirit, the friendliness for each other, regardless of the year in which they were graduated. We ask of you boys and girls who are being graduated at this time, that you carry on this spirit and friendliness, that you join us in our efforts to do all we can for the betterment of the schools.

Following is an outline of the activities of the Association during the Fall of 1925: On Thursday evening, September 17th, the Alumni held its first social event of the Fall season—a dance at the Sorosis Club. The hall was decorated in the school colors and, judging from the remarks overheard, the dance was enjoyed by all. The next event was a launch ride on Sunday, October 4th. A Crowley launch was engaged and left the pier at 9:30 A. M. After cruising around the Bay, we landed at Paradise Cove and spent the day in dancing, playing games and hiking (also eating). We arrived in San Francisco shortly after 6 P. M. On Friday evening, October 19th, we held the Lick-Lowell Football Rally at the Century Club. Most of you know the outcome of this affair. Too much praise cannot be given to the students who participated in the stunts which helped to make the Rally so enjoyable.

While we intend to make the Alumni Association an active organization socially, we do not lose sight of the fact that we must help the school as much as possible. The Board of Directors of the Alumni meets every month for the purpose of working out some means whereby the Alumni will be more helpful to the students. We are at present arranging for graduates to speak to the Seniors, offering suggestions and ideas that will be beneficial to them when they leave the school.

Our Benefactors



THE recent bequest of two hundred thousand dollars to the Wilmerding School by the late Richard V. Dey, coming at this particular time, is doubly prized. A year hence the transition of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux from secondary schools of industrial training to the status of advanced trade and vocational schools and a technical junior college will be under way. If, at the same time this new endowment will help us to erect another building or two on the Potrero Avenue block adjoining the Lux School, it will greatly simplify our problem.

An attractive group of modern buildings on that particular block will invite favorable attention and perhaps induce other public spirited men and women to follow the example of Mr. Dey and add their names to the growing list of our benefactors—James Lick, Jillis Clute Wilmerding, Miranda Wilmarth Lux, James M. McDonald, Frederick B. Ginn, Horace Davis, Rudolph J. and Emma L. Taussig, and now Richard Varick Dey.

James Lick left \$540,000 for the founding of an institution "to educate males and females in the practical arts of life," to be known as The California School of Mechanical Arts. By omitting his own name from the title he has left the way open for other individuals to further the work on an equal footing with the founder.

Mr. Wilmerding bequeathed to the Regents of the University of California \$400,000 with which to found an institution "to teach boys trades."

In 1899, Captain James M. McDonald deeded to the Wilmerding School the block of land bounded by 17th, Mariposa, Kansas and Rhode Island streets. This block was recently leased for a period of fifty years on a present valuation of \$90,000.

For the Lux School the founder bequeathed one-third of her estate, after deducting a number of specific bequests. A minimum estimate of the value of this endowment at the beginning would be \$650,000.

Mr. Ginn gave about \$20,000 for the maintenance of orphan boys "in attendance at the Lick and Wilmerding Schools," and out of the residuary portion of his estate, Mrs. Ginn directed that an equal sum should be given for a building in which these boys might be domiciled.

Mr. Davis established a loan fund of \$10,000 for the benefit of students "in attendance at, or going to college from the California School of Mechanical Arts."

Mr. Taussig left to the California School of Mechanical Arts, as a memorial to his deceased wife, the sum of \$25,000, the income from which can be used for any purpose that the Trustees may elect, but the principal must be kept intact.

Through careful management by the Trustees all of these funds have increased in value. We have been content with modest buildings and equipments, and have had no ambition to pose as a higher institution or to surpass other institutions in numbers. It is sufficient to know that we have carried out the wishes of the founders in giving our students a thorough, practical training; that our graduates have won the good opinions of their employers and business associates, and that men like Richard V. Dey have faith in us.





Vice-President
Treasurer



President



Secretary
Yell-Leaders



Lux President's Message



HE last four years have gone by all too quickly for me, and on leaving, I find that each memory of past pleasures in work and play becomes more precious. In everything we do—work, study, sport—we are always reaching out for the things which are ahead of us, but sooner or later, we come to the pausing place, from which we look backward at the things we have accomplished and those we have left undone.

At the beginning of this term we welcomed the Freshmen with an impressive initiation ceremony in the Lux "Little Theatre." This has been followed by many rallies and other activities. As Student Body President, I have felt very deeply the spirit which has been shown by the girls; indeed, the remarkable school spirit has made this semester one of interest and success.



The Lux Board of Control



HE Lux Board of Control consists of the Student Body President, Vice-President, Secretary, Faculty Advisor, Class Presidents and a representative from each class. The Board has many powers and duties, some of which are to propose amendments to the Constitution; to have complete control of the Student Body finances; to make and amend Rules and By-Laws for the governing of the Student Body and the Board of Control.

The members of the Board are: Bernice Salter, President; Florence Fannen, Vice-President; Elizabeth Buckmaster, Secretary; Marian Locke and Elizabeth Buckmaster, 25X; Pearl Curn and Ethel Johnson, 26J; Josephine Smith and Frances Shepard, 26X; Norma Lastrucci and Frances Lewis, 27J; Florence Taylor and Edith Hansen, 27X; Doris Priddell and Viola Cantoni, 28J; Ruth Ward and Helen Small, 28X; Martha Smith and Aileen Dewar, 29J.



Marian Locke, 25X
Norma Lastrucci, 27J
Doris Priddle, 28J

Pearl Coburn, 26J
Ruth Ward, 28X

Josephine Smith, 26X
Florence Taylor, 27X
Martha Smith, 29J

Class Notes



THE eleven girls of the 25X class have been under the leadership of Marian Locke for the last semester of their high school life. Our luncheon on the Lux roof, at which boys and girls were dressed as kiddies, and acted like them, too, was enjoyed by all. The 25X basketball team was again on the field this year, making as many goals as ever.

Pearl Coburn has been the presiding officer at 26J meetings. Under her direction the class presented numerous stunts for rallies and gave a Diamond Jubilee Joint Class Dance. The 26J girls have also had an enthusiastic basketball season.

The President of the 26X class for the past term was Josephine Smith. The girls enjoyed a "class spread", and presented "All Gummed Up", a short, amusing play, to the Forum members. The high Juniors were also represented in all athletics.

The 27J class passed a successful term under the direction of Norma Lastrucci. As Juniors, 27J gave the welcoming picnic to the new Freshmen and it was a great success. Besides supporting athletics and all other school affairs, 27J frightened the school out of its wits with a mystery play, given the day before Halloween.

Florence Taylor has been President of the 27X class. The class had a very successful joint luncheon during the first quarter. Our candied apple sale, though something new, was well supported by the Student Body. We also gave the Seniors a luncheon to thank them for the picnic given us when we were Freshmen.

Doris Priddle has been the 28J leader of the low Sophomore girls. The other officers worked with her to make our joint luncheon an enjoyable affair. Many of the school athletes are from the 28J class, our stars shining forth especially in tennis and basketball.

The President of the 28X class for the semester has been Ruth Ward. It seems that every class has given a joint luncheon, but 28X likes to feel that the one given by them on November 4th was just a little above average. Our girls have entered into the spirit of the school and supported both athletics and dramatics.

The 29J class started their term under the guiding hand of Martha Smith, but the girls were soon acquainted and chose their own officers. The President-elect was Elvera Santana. They have enjoyed the picnic given them by the Juniors and a dance arranged in their honor by the Student Body. The girls were also charming hostesses at a luncheon given to the 29J boys.

The Lux Forum



The Lux Forum Club has grown with each succeeding term until it is now the outstanding organization of the school. The officers elected this term are: Genevieve Berg, President; Muriel Smith, Vice-President; Helen Norton, Secretary, and Eleanor Judah, Treasurer. In the past semester the Club has presented many successful plays under the guidance of Miss Weller. "Tickless Time" was one of the plays produced, having both boys and girls in the cast. The characters in "Matinata" were Pierrot, taken by Eloise Breese; Columbine, taken by Ellen Barsotti, and Harlequin, represented by Frances Horgan. This was another very delightful play given in the "Little Theatre."

As in previous semesters, the debating was conducted by the Forum. Great enthusiasm was shown by each class team and the best speakers had their names inscribed on the beautiful trophy.

The Forum Club extends its appreciation to Miss Weller and to the other members of the Faculty who have contributed so great a part to the success of the Club.

Camera Club



The Lux Hiking Club and the Camera Club have united to form one Club. The new Club has had a most successful term under the leadership of President Aileen Farley. The other officers elected were: Marian Sathre, Vice-President; Julia Carlson, Secretary, and Mabel Jones, Sergeant-at-Arms. The new members were welcomed into the Club early in the semester and taught to print and develop their pictures by the older girls. They have done some very good work so far, and we hope they continue it.

The Club went on a hike to Big Lagoon on October 2nd, accompanied by the Advisors, Miss Rayburn and Miss Clark. As there was no special problem assigned for the day, there were many original pictures taken. The girls developed the pictures in the dark room at Lux.

The Lux Glee Club



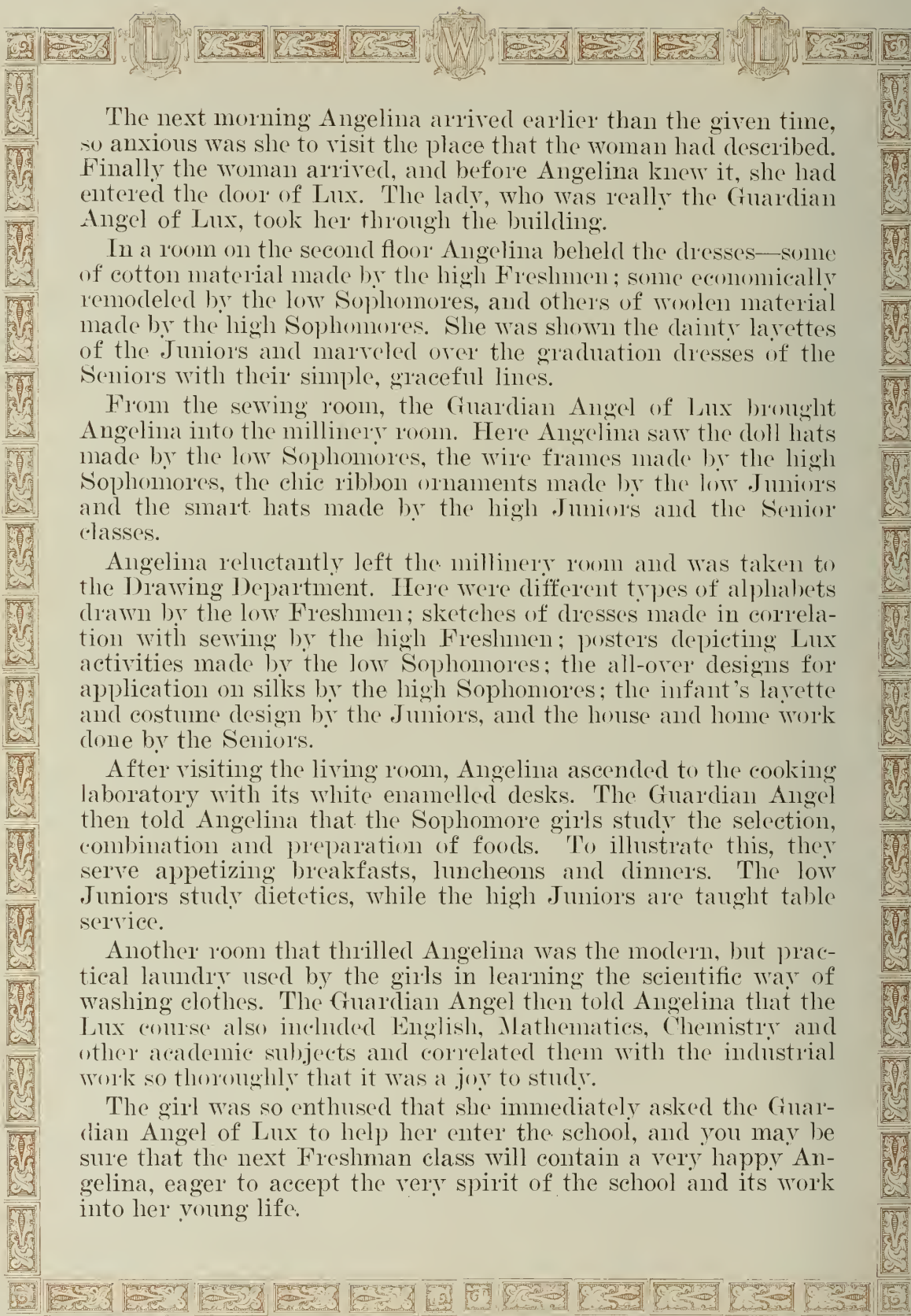
The Glee Club has shown a great deal of improvement this term under the capable direction of Miss Sinclair and our accompanist, Mrs. Madeline Church Potts. At the first meeting the Club elected Eleanor Judah, President, and Ilene Hemminga, Secretary. The chief aim of the Club has been to prepare a program for the graduation and Christmas exercises. This year the girls joined with the Boys' Glee Club to put on a stunt at the big Alumni rally. Many of the new girls of Lux have joined the Club, while most of the former girls are in their places again this year. The members of the Club are: First sopranos, Ellen Barasotti, Eloise Breese, Sara Addleman, Carolyn Fernell, Lillian Nelson, Ilene Hemminga, Rosamund Thorup, Helen Norton, Dorothy Riffeld and Dorothy Thomas; second sopranos, Frances Canfield, Catherine Fratessa, Charlotte Madden, Rosalie McBride, Eleanor Soderquest, Gertrude Manzo and Georgian Shimmer; altos, Erma Averdich, Phoebe Harding-Mason, Paula Aron, Eleanor Judah, Eunice Gastaldi, Mabel Jones, Nancy Bean, Dorothy Smith and Edith Kelly. The sextette has been re-organized and the new members are: Sara Addleman and Dorothea Bried, first sopranos; Charlotte Madden and Catherine Fratessa, second sopranos; Eleanor Judah and Eunice Gastaldi, altos.

The idea of Music Hour has been successfully carried on by Charlotte Madden. Programs are arranged from time to time and presented to the Student Body. The stories of the most popular operas of the season are told, and sometimes selections are played on the Victrola.

Lux Work



IT was a cold winter evening when Angelina Gonzala stood in front of Lady Jeanette's exclusive dress-making establishment admiring the beautiful dresses within and wishing that she had been born rich and had beautiful clothes. As she stood with her nose against the window she felt a tap upon her shoulder. When she turned she was facing the most beautiful woman that she had ever seen. Angelina was so surprised that she could not speak when the beautiful lady told her that she would meet her at nine the next morning and take her to see girls of her own age making dresses as beautiful as those in the window.



The next morning Angelina arrived earlier than the given time, so anxious was she to visit the place that the woman had described. Finally the woman arrived, and before Angelina knew it, she had entered the door of Lux. The lady, who was really the Guardian Angel of Lux, took her through the building.

In a room on the second floor Angelina beheld the dresses—some of cotton material made by the high Freshmen; some economically remodeled by the low Sophomores, and others of woolen material made by the high Sophomores. She was shown the dainty layettes of the Juniors and marveled over the graduation dresses of the Seniors with their simple, graceful lines.

From the sewing room, the Guardian Angel of Lux brought Angelina into the millinery room. Here Angelina saw the doll hats made by the low Sophomores, the wire frames made by the high Sophomores, the chic ribbon ornaments made by the low Juniors and the smart hats made by the high Juniors and the Senior classes.

Angelina reluctantly left the millinery room and was taken to the Drawing Department. Here were different types of alphabets drawn by the low Freshmen; sketches of dresses made in correlation with sewing by the high Freshmen; posters depicting Lux activities made by the low Sophomores; the all-over designs for application on silks by the high Sophomores; the infant's layette and costume design by the Juniors, and the house and home work done by the Seniors.

After visiting the living room, Angelina ascended to the cooking laboratory with its white enamelled desks. The Guardian Angel then told Angelina that the Sophomore girls study the selection, combination and preparation of foods. To illustrate this, they serve appetizing breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. The low Juniors study dietetics, while the high Juniors are taught table service.

Another room that thrilled Angelina was the modern, but practical laundry used by the girls in learning the scientific way of washing clothes. The Guardian Angel then told Angelina that the Lux course also included English, Mathematics, Chemistry and other academic subjects and correlated them with the industrial work so thoroughly that it was a joy to study.

The girl was so enthused that she immediately asked the Guardian Angel of Lux to help her enter the school, and you may be sure that the next Freshman class will contain a very happy Angelina, eager to accept the very spirit of the school and its work into her young life.



In Memoriam

THE closing weeks of our present term have been saddened by the death of MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL, President of the Board of Trustees of the Lux School. Of the many tributes that have been paid to her by the public press, the following eulogy from the *San Francisco Call and Post* reflects the qualities of mind and heart that characterized her lifetime of philanthropic endeavor:

For two score years and more the name of Mrs. John F. Merrill, dead at her home, has in San Francisco been a symbol of humanitarian activity. A woman in all ways womanly, void of any suggestion of strident leadership, Mrs. Merrill has none the less been a leader in good works. A woman of rare beauty, a woman of great dignity, a woman of universal sympathy. Mrs. Merrill long ago found her way to the heart of San Francisco and for more than a generation has held its affection.

To have shared in the beneficence which she bestowed with untiring willingness on her fellow beings is an honor indeed.

An Appreciation



ANY years ago in San Jose, I visited a sweet, old New England lady whose name was Mrs. Abbie Ross. At that time visiting her was a lovely, dignified, elderly lady, queenly in her bearing, to whom I was introduced. She was Mrs. Miranda Lux, the woman who gave this wonderful Lux School to the girls of California. Mrs. Lux was visiting Mrs. Ross and two nieces of Mr. Henry Miller of the firm of Miller and Lux who, as children, were placed in the care of Auntie Ross, as we called her.

They were trained in all the details of home, social and religious life. Little did I think, as a girl meeting Mrs. Lux, that in future years I would be teaching in the Lux School endowed by her!

Mrs. Lux had one son but no daughters, and I think she would have been wonderfully happy had she had daughters, but by founding this school, she has, so to speak, adopted all the young daughters of California, not only of one generation, but of all generations to come, as long as time exists and the Lux School stands.

As time goes on we are so apt to lose sight of the beautiful personality and character of the donor of the gift and think only of the name of the school, Lux.

For twelve or more years, many people, particularly mothers of daughters, have been watching the progress of this school, which has assumed a place of prominence among institutions of this kind.

I trust the parents and the girls who read this will deeply appreciate all that has been done and is being done for the girls, and that they will give the school their support in the future as they have in the past, and that the Lux School will have added glory in the years to come.

May our girls always stand for that which is the best and highest in morals, intelligence and dignity, all of which go to make up the highest type of a true womanhood. Let them always be moderate in speech and action, moderate in fashion, and strive to be among those who shall add fame to the Lux School.

May God bless this gift of Mrs. Lux, and may it be an uplifting power among the womanhood of California for all time to come.

—MARY L. CRITTENDEN

Athletics





CAPT. EARL NELSEN, *Halfback*

A hard-working, capable leader. Early in the season he was shifted to the backfield and he has made a reputation for himself as a clever open field runner and a hard-hitting line plunger.

JAS. (SPUD) SPALDING, *Coach*

A man with a wonderful personality and still greater ability. The type of man who is an inspiration to everyone. Due to his coaching ability the Lick teams are again bringing glory to the school.

JOE SMITH, *Halfback*

Joe has just completed his second year of football in a blaze of glory. He is rated as one of the best halfbacks in the city.

NICK FEDELI, *Guard*

A new man on the team, but he has earned a place for himself by his fighting spirit and willingness to work.

JOHN HURLEY, *End*

A safety man has little chance with this end charging down on him. Besides being adept at catching passes, John stops all plays around his end.

CARL MITCHEL, *Quarterback*

Carl is a snappy little quarterback. He catches punts with ease and calls his plays with unerring ability.

HOWARD GILMORE, *Tackle*

The opposing linesmen are due for a ride whenever "How" is on the job. He hits them hard and often and uses his hands to good advantage.

CAMERON MCKAY, *Guard*

The "fighting Scotchman" is on top of every play before it even gets started. He is one of the hardest working men on the team and he fights every minute of the game.



ROBERT PRATT, *Manager*

He has been invaluable to the team in arranging games and taking care of material. No detail has ever been neglected and he has been on the job every minute of the time.

FRANK COLLINS, *Asst. Coach*

He has given much time and effort toward making the team a success. Frank is just one of the many examples of the loyalty of Lick graduates.

JOHN FANNEX, *Center*

This is John's third year on the team and he certainly has made it a big one. His passes are always straight and true and he opens holes large enough to drive a wagon through.

ARTHUR BAHR, *Guard*

A hard-charging and efficient guard. He is one of the seven reasons that Lick's line is the best in the city.

WARD JUNKER, *Halfback*

He runs interference well and is a streak once he gets into the open. He is light, but he backs up the line in stellar fashion.

LEONARD LAUSTEN, *Fullback*

Whenever a yard or two is needed "Whitey" can be relied upon to gain the necessary yardage. He hits hard on offense and defense and is in on every play.

EUGENE SULLIVAN, *End*

A man who knows his job and executes it well. He smashes into interference and often nails the runner behind the line.

GEORGE HURLEY, *Tackle*

He has a habit of opening large holes on the offense and on the defense he sets them down mighty hard.



Football Squad

PEAVY, *Halfback*—A good kicker and a flash in the open field.

DUBKOFF, *Halfback*—A clever open-field runner and a hard hitter on defense.

FREDIANI, *Guard*—A new man with lots of ambition and fight.

PHILLIPS, *Tackle*—"Norm" is a big man and he charges well.

HOWARD, *Halfback*—John is a worthy successor to his brother and in another year he ought to be a regular.

HANSEN, *Guard*—The "Hick" is a hard worker and he has a charge mighty few can stop.

HENDRIKSON, *End*—A light man but he runs interference well and is an adept at catching passes.

FIFIELD, *End*—He is a sure tackler and takes his man out every time.

HURSH, *Fullback*—His line plunging has been the sensation of the season.

DONOVAN, *Center*—He holds his own with any man.

BARR, *Halfback*—A constant threat whenever he has the ball.

JOHNSON, *Guard*—John certainly did his work in the Poly game and he gave every last ounce of energy.

SCHLESSINGER, *Center*—An invaluable man to the squad.



HOEHN, *Guard*—A new man but a hard and conscientious worker.
 DEGUIRE, *Tackle*—With a little experience the “Redhead” will be a real star.

IMMIG, *Tackle*—Although light for the position “Osc” hits hard and low.

BOVERMAN, *Quarterback*—A clever runner and a fine passer.

ASHBAUGH, *Center*—“Pinky” has the build and in another year he’ll knock ‘em dead.

GALLAGHER, *Tackle*—A born fighter and a hard man to get out of the way.

SONNE, *Halfback*—A wonder at clipping and a good defensive player.

GARAVATTI, *Quarterback*—A field general with lots of pep and fight.

WESTIN, *Fullback*—A good kicker with great ability for backing up the line.

NICHOLS, *Halfback*—One of the lightest men on the squad yet a hard hitter.

CURRY, *Halfback*—A good defensive player and a fine interference man.

SANTINA, *Guard*—A fighter who gives the opposition something to worry about.



Smith going around end for a gain in the Lowell game

S. F. A. L. Champions



HE first practice game of the year was with Palo Alto. This team, rated as one of the championship contenders in the Peninsula League, gave us some stiff competition. However, the superior condition of our men told in the end and we triumphed by a 12-7 score. Smith and Junker did some stellar work in the backfield, while George Hurley and McKay performed creditably in the line.



When Lick held Lowell on the one-yard line

Next the Lick team received word that they were to travel over to Piedmont and play their high school eleven. The Piedmont team was rated as one of the strongest teams in the Bay Counties League but our powerful machine had little trouble in subduing them 41-6. Our line functioned perfectly while the backfield clipped and tackled like demons.

Our next practice with San Rafael was not quite as successful for the Marin team showed unexpected power and held us to a 0-0 tie. This game was just the thing to prime us for our first League game. It brought out whatever faults we had and gave the fellows much needed experience.



Hurley makes a flying tackle in the Lowell game

In spite of our big Night Rally, Lowell pulled a surprise by holding us to a no-score tie. The team seemed to have an off-day and never really got started. They showed their mettle, however, by holding Lowell for four downs on our 1-yard line. Joe Smith was by far the best player on the field and he did everything that can be expected of a backfield man.

After recovering from the Lowell game the Tigers romped all over St. Ignatius. The first score came early in the first quarter and then three times more before the game was over. This game marked the starting of a career as halfback for Captain Nelsen.

It was his open-field running that accounted for our large gains and furnished the thrills for the spectators.

On October 28 our team lined up against the strong Polytechnic team at Ewing Field. After a real, honest-to-goodness battle we downed the Red and Black by a score of 7-0. With only three minutes to go Poly started a passing attack. Ward, Poly's half-back, was rushed and he threw the ball wildly. Junker intercepted the pass and raced to Poly's 30-yard line. On the next play Captain Nelsen circled the end, bringing the ball to the Mechanics' 5-yard line. The ball was then given to Smith, who crossed the last chalk line on a center buck.

The Commerce game was a repetition of the St. Ignatius game. The highly-touted Bulls proved easy meat for the Lick Tigers. Be-



Ward being stopped by Nelsen and Smith

fore the team was warmed up they had scored seven points, thanks to Captain Nelsen. The game then became a nip and tuck affair until the final quarter, when we scored again, making the final score 19-0.

The whistle blew and the Tigers "plunged in." Taking the ball through the sea of mud to Potter's goal we scored twenty points in the first quarter. All our reserves played in this game and they all looked good despite the mud. The ball was wet and Peavy fumbled, allowing Potter to score two points. The final score was 44-2.

On the 20th of November our team defeated the weak Galileans by a score of 35-6. This victory put us in the finals for the city championship. The game was considerably one-sided with our second team playing most of the time.

By a vote of the Board of Directors of the S. F. A. L., the championship of the 1925 season was awarded to Lick-Wilmerding without a final game.



100-lb. Basket-Ball Team

THE "hundreds" are made up entirely of new men and although they are "green" they have the "old Lick fight." In the first League game they gave Mission a tough battle, losing after five minutes' extra time by a score of 13 to 12. In their next encounter they played Poly, losing by a 24 to 6 score. This score is in no way indicative of the splendid teamwork displayed by the midgets.

The team is made up of a group of stars. Mitro, the little captain, plays a wonderful game at forward. The other forward, ex-Mayor Nichols, is a "dead-eye" at making baskets. The center is taken care of by McCormack, who although inexperienced, plays like a veteran. "Windy" Miller and Abrahams are the two guards. These two guard the goal like eagles and very few shots get by them.

The teams wish to thank Mr. Gravatt for the time and effort he has expended in their behalf. He has given valuable hints to the players and has aided in instilling in the players some idea of teamwork.



110-lb. Basket-Ball Team

THE 110-lb. team consists of veterans from last year's 100's. These players are light for 110's but they made up for this by their excellent teamwork. The team's initial start in the S. F. A. L. was with the fast Commerce team. When the whistle blew to end the game, it was found that Lick was on the short end of a 26 to 6 score. Their next game was with Galileo and after four quarters of strenuous playing they finally succumbed with the score of 21 to 6.

The team is captained by Sid Fogerty, a light but well-seasoned player. By his fight he has kept the morale of the team at a high pitch. Maffei, the other forward, acquired the knack of shooting baskets at the Silesian Club. Grillo plays a consistent game at center. Irvine and Keating are a nice pair of guards who play a good defensive game. Patterson and Skinner are two willing substitutes who are able to step into the fray at any time.



120-lb. Basket-Ball Team



HE 120's are a husky bunch. They have an experienced team that plays together very well. In their initial start they lost to the fast Lowell team by a 18-6 score. In their next encounter they lost to Mission 20-11. These scores are no indication of what hard-fought battles they really were.

Lambert, who plays a nice game at forward, is the captain of the team. He is a very good floor man and defensive player. The other forward, Bergholm, is a hard-hitter and a sure shot. Whenever he gets the ball in his hands he is a constant threat to the opposing guards. Bynon, the center, plays a very good floor game. "Red" Haas is one of the most experienced players and he knows his job. Week plays a very consistent game at guard, excelling on defense. Temby and Mac Gilmore are two more good guards and they let mighty few shots get by them. Haynes is a forward who is able at any moment to carry on the scoring where the other forward left off.

The teams wish to express their most sincere appreciation of the manner in which "Runt" Olmo has aided them. He went out on the court every afternoon and showed the three teams new plays and how to play a tight defensive game.



Baseball, 1925



SMASH! The bat met the ball squarely and the Lux Baseball Season was under way. Early, the Lux Stadium presented a lively scene, balls flying fast and true. After three weeks of hard practice the Inter-class games opened. Captains and teams were picked, and the playing began in earnest. The girls who led their teams on the field were: Cecile Duval, 25J; Margaret Magner, 25X; Lucy Abeling, 26J; Frances Horgan, 26X; Norma Lastrucci, 27J; Anna Kurnick, 27X; Josephine Nemenic, 28J; and Frances Lewis, 28X.

Great credit goes to the 25X team for their splendid showing and determination and their good sportsmanship. Handicapped by their small class, they banded together and with their customary spirit took the championship from the more experienced teams. Margaret Magner, Captain, led the team with the old 25X spirit. The members of the team are: "Gen" Berg, pitcher; "Ed" Ehlert, catcher; "Marg" Magner, first base; "Snuffy" Locke, second base; "Myrt" Cavanaugh, third base; and "Bee" Salter, fielder.

Tennis

The Tennis Club was led through a successful semester by Frances Horgan, President; "Babe" Farrell, Secretary, and Myrtle Wright, Treasurer.

The tournaments did not receive the support they should have. Of the forty members of the club, only seven signed up for the singles and only three teams for the doubles. This is far from a good showing from the club. Plenty of girls can play tennis, even if they are not stars. So get out and support the tournaments and have some *good* results!

In spite of the few girls entered, the singles tournament progressed rapidly, and good sets were played. The results:

F. Horgan defeated A. Farley—10-8.

V. Young defeated F. Canfield—10-4.

C. Berg defeated F. Fannen—10-4.

G. Berg defeated V. Young—10-2.

C. Berg defeated F. Horgan—10-6.

These eliminations left the championship to be played off by the "Tennis Sisters," "Gen" and Carol Berg, who played excellent tennis. "Gen" Berg won the match and the silver cup by a 6-4—6-2 score.

The Club wishes to thank the boys at Lick for their aid in fixing the court.

Swimming

The Swimming Club was under the management of President Frances Canfield, Secretary Phoebe Harding-Mason, and Treasurer Eunice Gastaldi.

Wednesday afternoons at the "Y" the new girls were taught to swim and dive, under the guidance of Miss Spradling and Miss Mitchell, while the older members practiced diligently for the inter-class contests which were planned for November.

The Lux swimming team will not compete in the inter-school meet this year owing to the graduation of so many stars and the small membership of the Club.

Basket-Ball

Basket-ball started off with plenty of pep and the girls turned out in force to support their class teams. The managers appointed at the first practice took charge until captains were elected. Competition for the inter-class championship waxed strong, with 25X fighting to defend its title, while the remaining teams were determined to win it for their respective classes.



Oh! dear



She: I saw five of your fraternity brothers at a dance last night.

He: I didn't know you knew that many.

She: I don't, but I recognized your neckties.

Bristow: I played before a large audience yesterday.

Kane: Did they clap for you to come and play again?

Bristow: Of course not, I played it right the first time.



Drake: Why don't Foster and Kleiser speak to each other?

Inch: Because they make signs.

Dumb: What did you do with that old typewriter of yours?

Dumber: Oh, I married her.

Her teeth were like the stars. They always came out at night.

Mr. French: What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Hoehn: I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

Let poets sing their lilting song,
And smite upon the lyre;
But give me the man that whistles,
While putting on a tire.

Myrtle: You'll have to work like a mule in this course.

Edna: All right, I'll start making an ass of myself.

Mah Goodness!

An old negro was held up one evening. The thief demanded either his life or his money. The old darky's knees began to tremble and he answered with some hesitation:

"Take mah life, I's saving mah money for mah old age."

"What are you crying about?"

"Pa fell down stairs."

"Don't take on so. He'll get better soon."

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall all the way and I never saw nuffen."

A Standstill

Judge (to colored man up for making whisky): What's your name, bo?

Dark Gentleman: Joshua, suh.

Judge: Are you the man that made the sun stand still?

Joshua: No, suh; I'se de man that made the moon shine.

Mrs. Noah: Noah, dear, what could be the matter with the camel!

Noah: The poor beast has both our fleas.

Interesting If True

"What is the secret of Success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the butter.

"Never be lead," said the pencil.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the match.

"Make light of your troubles," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the stamp.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.

Sap: Do you snore in your sleep?

Simp: When do you suppose?

Mrs. Woodland (in an examination): Does that question bother you, Kane?

Kane: Not at all; it is quite clear. It's the answer that bothers me.

Helen: I wonder why they painted these safety gates like barber poles.

Genevieve: They had to, there have been so many close shaves here.

Teacher: Tommy, wouldn't you like to be President?

Tommy: Naw, I want a steady job.

Hansen: Lend me a quarter.

Hoadley: Sure. I've always tried to but you treat it as a gift.

Marcucci: I get a hairrent every week now.

Fannen: How long will it take you to get them all cut?

Egan: Girls are much prettier than fellows.

Hilda: Why—naturally.

Egan: No—artificially.

Bernice: Why did they put Joe out of the game?

Carl: For holding.

Bernice: Isn't that just like Joe!

Munder: Where were you last night?

Wallace: I went to a wooden wedding.

Munder: What do you mean—wooden wedding?

Wallace: Two Poles were married.

Sall: Is your husband a sound sleeper?

Sally: I should say so! The sound he makes can be heard for blocks.

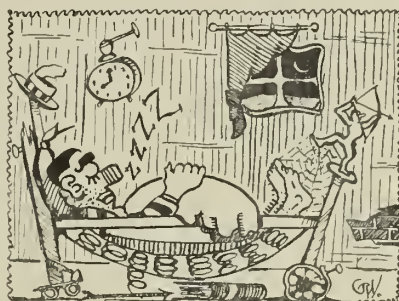
Louis: Is that Tom's new girl?

Paul: No, that's only his old one painted over.

Page Mr. Aesop

A man upon visiting a jail remarked about the courtesy of the prisoners.

"Yes," said the jailer, "when one of them recently escaped he left a note for me saying, 'I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking.'"



Mitchel: I spent nine hours on my English last night.

Miss Boeke: Is that so?

Mitchell (under his breath): It was under my bed.

St. Peter (to incoming angel): How did you get here?

I. A.: Flu.

Rosalie: That guy has an angry look.

Myrtle: Sort of cross-eyed, eh?

First Student: I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?

Second ditto: Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar.

Margaret: Why the look of dejection?

Parker: Aw, shucks, the coach said I'd never make a good open field runner.

Margaret: I don't see why. You have been chasing over plowed ground all your life.

"He who laughs last laughs best."

Yeah, and he who laughs first sees the point.

McCullough (after having some trouble with a telegraph pole): Where am I?

Nurse: This is number 117.
McCullough: Room or cell?

Ward: Florence, dear, I've had something on my lips for some time, and now—

Florence: Oh, Ward, how I do hate those little mustaches!

Wallace: I thought McKenna died?
Steventon: He did, but the heat woke him up.

Miss Boeke: Kane, what is a gladiator?

Charley: A cannibal who ate his mother-in-law.

Judge: You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?

Intelligent Witness: The dog.

Teacher (explaining circulation of blood): If I stood on my head the blood would run into it. Now, boys, while I stand upright why doesn't the blood run into my feet?

Voice from the rear: Because your feet aren't empty.

This Ought To Be Put In a Museum

A chap I know calls his girl "Key Hole" because she's something to adore.

Another friend calls his wife "Crystal," not because he can see through her, but because she's always on the watch.

"Every time I have an argument with my girl I enter it in a small diary."

"I see, you keep a little scrap-book."

A hardened motorist ran down a pedestrian.

"Hey, while you're under there take a look at my brake rods."

Cavalry Recruit (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship): Sergeant, pick me out a nice gentle horse.

Sergeant: Have you ever ridden a horse?

Recruit: No.

Sergeant: Ah, here is just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can both start out together.

Clean?

He: You are a little Fairy; may I hold your Palm Olive?

She: Not on your Lifebuoy; your head is solid Ivory.

He: Is this where I get the Colgate?

She: I Woodbury the joke if I were you.

Miss Rayburn: This gas is deadly poison. What steps would you take if it should escape?

Helen: Long ones.

Grandmother: My dear boy, you have grown to be a perfect image of your father. You have his eyes, his mouth, and—

Tommy: And I have his trousers, too.

John: Now I see through your subterfuge.

Marie: Well, that's only because the sun is very bright.

Inch: What a horrible noise comes from that radio set!

Virginia: Well, I guess you would make just as much noise if you were coming out of the ether.

Merry King Arthur: Now just what are your reasons for wanting to resign from the "Round Table"?

Sir Lionel: My wife objects to this Knight work.

Edna: Aren't Life Savers thrilling?

Helen: Yeh! They sure take your breath away.



Gallagher: I wonder how jellyfish get their jelly?

Judnich: That's easy; they get it from the ocean currents.

Miss Sinclair: What is the difference between the North and South Pole?

Brightness: All the difference in the world.

Anthony: So Jack proposed to you on a postcard. Did you accept?

Elizabeth: Do you think I'd marry a man who didn't care two cents about me?

Modern Language

"Juicy that"

"Sour right"

"Stew bad"

"Sketch me laughing."

Hinkle: Do you use tooth-paste?

Pratt: Goodness, no! none of my teeth are loose.

Hurley: I dreamt that I was over at Lowell last night.

McKay: How'd you get there?

Hurley: Had a night-mare.

Tit: What does a surgeon do when he operates on your father?

Tat: Sews your old man.

"Bill got his face smashed. Why didn't the doctor fix his eyebrow?"

"Oh, it was an oversight."

Robert: Mother, can I change my name?

Mother: Why, Robert?

Robert: Because Pa said he'd spank me as sure as my name was Robert.

Mrs. Woodland (explaining representation): There are men who may speak on the floor of Congress yet they have no voice.

Al: And he was waiting with baited breath.

Carl: Gee, he must have been expecting fish for dinner.

Ike: What's the tallest building in New York?

Mike: The Woolworth Building.

Ike: No, the Public Library, because it has more stories.

Mother (at dinner): Johnny, I wish you would stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?

Johnny: Yes, mother, but my arm's longer.

Egan: This worry over marks is eating on my brain.

Esberg: Don't worry, it will soon die of starvation.

Autographs

"Click" Hoehn Jr.

Bernice Salter

Carl Mitchel

Bill "Drake"

Anthony Jackewick

Charles Kane

Harold "Dick" Hansen

John Irving Stenton

Myrtle Kavanaugh

"Pat" Hoadley

"Ape" McKenna

Rosalie V. Mc Bride

Louis D. Demartini

Oscar Emmig

Edna S. Chert

Jack McCallough

Elizabeth Bushmaster

Clayton Hubacher

Helen Reich

Harold L. Hester

Lamorne Berg

"Bob" Egan

"Lou" Matheson

"Wick" Pratt

Merian Locke

John J. Fennell Jr.

Margaret Wagner

Thomas A. Wallace

Paul S. Marucci

"Bert" Inck

Alfred M. Colag.

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Helen Meyer

Joseph Judnick

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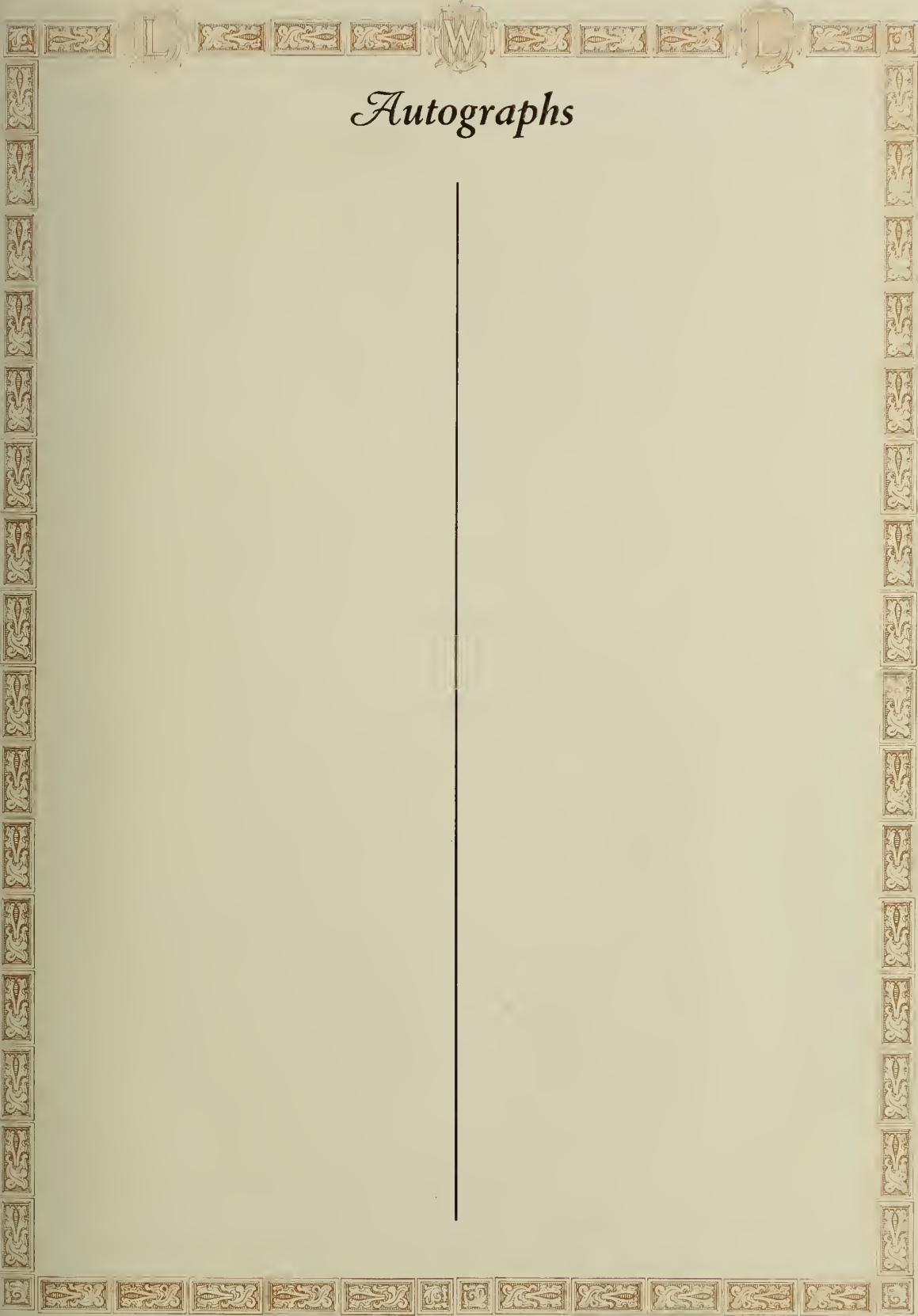
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